Rev. #1

THE BODYGUARD

An Original Screenplay

by

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IMPORTANT
RETURN TO
WARNER BROS. INC.
BURBANK, CALIF.
STORY LIBRARY

Revised Draft

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THE SCREEN IS BLACK

THREE BOOMING GUNSHOTS. Two from one gun, one from another. So fast and close, they're barely distinguishable. The SOUND of the SHOTS echoes against concrete walls and dies away.

SILENCE.

SLOW, SLOW FADE IN:

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE (DETROIT) DAY

FRANK FARMER'S FACE. He is the Bodyguard. Forty years old. He is looking OFF-CAMERA over his smoking gun. He has just killed a man.

SLOWLY PULL BACK TO REVEAL that Frank is lying on top of KLINGMAN protectively. Pressed body to body, they lie on the dirty, cement floor of the garage. Klingman is a handsome, fifty year-old executive. His $300 suit is soaking up a pool of shiny black oil. There is no movement.

The two men are lying near the right front fender of a black limousine. The dead body of an AUTO WORKER, dressed in dirty work clothes, is lying in the middle of a car lane. A large pistol nearby.

Farmer begins to rise slowly off his employer's body.

THE MAIN TITLES BEGIN

DESK TOP

A battered old desk. Scattered across the top -- a pile of blank white paper, a jar of glue, a stack of magazines, a pair of scissors.

Hands appear. Male hands. They open a drawer and remove a pair of translucent rubber gloves. Carefully they put the gloves on. The snapping of the rubber is the only SOUND.

The hands pick a magazine off the stack: Screen Stars. They put the magazine down and pick up the scissors. A headline on the cover reads: "RACHEL MARRON'S GREATEST TRIUMPH!" The scissors start to cut. Meticulously they excise the name "RACHEL MARRON" from the page. With the care of a surgeon.

EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD (U.S. POST OFFICE) DAY

A black Corvette is parked illegally at the curb. Cars whiz by in the blazing sun. A voluptuous 22 year-old

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)
girl with a mane of blonde hair sits in the passenger seat. The driver's seat is empty.

The CAR RADIO is on very loud. The fine pure voice of Rachel Marron sings a love song/lament called "I Have Nothing." The blonde is intent on breaking a string from the hem of her skirt. She glances up toward the door of the Post Office, then back down to her thread.

INT. POST OFFICE

A Post Office box in a corner of the large room. Echoing FOOTSTEPS approach. They stop. Strong fingers work the combination. The door opens. A thick blank envelope is removed. The door is flipped shut.

EXT. KLINGMAN'S HOME (BLOOMFIELD HILLS, MICHIGAN) DAY

Frank Farmer is standing with MRS. KLINGMAN next to the same black limousine we saw in the underground garage. They watch as an eight-year-old Girl runs across the wide lawn to them. The house beyond is enormous.

The little Girl leaps into Frank's arms, hugging him around the neck. He kisses her and puts her down. Mrs. Klingman gives him a quick, slightly embarrassed kiss and hug. Frank gets in the car.

EXT. POOL AREA, MARRON ESTATE (BEL AIR) DAY

Large pool surrounded by patios, cabanas, trees. A REPORTER is sitting at one of the poolside tables. On the table is a tape recorder and a copy of VARIETY.

From the sprawling house in the background comes DEVANEY, Rachel Marron's personal manager, 35 years old and smooth. As he approaches the other man he shrugs in defeat, trying hard to appear contrite. A look of disgust crosses the Reporter's face.

REPORTER
Devaney, I am about to be very pissed.

DEVANEY
I swear I thought she'd talk to you. I've got a quote for you.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

REPORTER
(disdainful)
This is my exclusive?

DEVANEY
Rachel says that she's thrilled to be nominated for an Oscar as Best Actress. She says the best honors are those --

REPORTER
(getting up)
-- are those bestowed by your professional peers. Only they blah-blah, blah-blah...

THE TITLES CONTINUE

DESK TOP

The rubber-gloved hands are gluing the word "TIME" onto a message that is taking the classic form of a ransom note. Each word has been cut from a different page and is in a different typeface. The note is being assembled with such care that it has an unusually neat appearance and is quite easy to read. It reads:

MARRON BITCH - YOU HAVE EVERYTHING.
I HAVE NOTHING. THE TIME TO DIE IS

INT. KLINGMAN'S OFFICE (DETROIT) DAY

The office of one of the top men in the automotive industry. Frank and Klingman are looking down at Detroit through a large picture window.

KLINGMAN
You know I'd like you to stay on.

FRANK
You don't need it.

KLINGMAN
If I can ever do anything...<u>anything</u>, call me. Please.

FRANK
I appreciate it.

KLINGMAN
Think nothing of it. I tell that to everybody who saves my life.

The two men smile at each other.

KLINGMAN'S OUTER OFFICE

Frank and Klingman come out of the inner office. Klingman's Secretary pops up from her desk. Shyly she hands Frank a small gift. He takes the initiative and kisses her.

INT. PORTMAN'S APARTMENT (MARINA DEL REY) DAY

The blonde from the Corvette, LISA ARNETT, walks into the living room of the bright, expensive apartment. She looks around approvingly.

PORTMAN comes into the room behind her. Thirty years old, he moves with easy grace. Lithe and strong, no fat on his body.

LISA
(gesturing around her)
This is nice.

Lisa goes into the bedroom. Portman goes to a cabinet, opens a drawer and drops the blank envelope from the Post Office box inside. He follows Lisa into the bedroom.

PORTMAN'S BEDROOM

Lisa is out on the sunny balcony. Portman flips a switch on a tape deck and once again we HEAR Rachel Marron's clear, lovely voice singing. Portman flops back across his bed.

LISA
(without turning)
Rachel Marron. Some voice. But what a bitch. I know her.

PORTMAN
(very flat)
No kidding.

LISA
Yeah.

She turns back toward the bedroom, leans against the sliding door and smiles at Portman from behind her sunglasses. She toys with the top button of her blouse.

LISA
I think I'm going to be glad we met.

EXT. WATTS THRIFT SHOP DAY

A shop in the heart of Watts. Neighborhood people drift by. A black Cadillac limousine is parked in front. Two LITTLE BOYS are playing around it; one climbs on the hood.

INT. WATTS THRIFT SHOP

HENRY DUPRES, a casually-dressed black man in his late twenties, looks out the front of the store. He's been having a cigarette with the OWNER of the store, an obese black woman. He watches the Little Boy climbing on the hood for a moment, then walks to the front door and speaks to him.

HENRY
Hey, man, be cool. You're climbing on my livelihood.

The Boy gets off the car slowly to show he's not afraid.

BOY
This your car?

HENRY
Not likely.

Henry walks back to the counter. Beyond the counter is a makeshift changing room with a curtain for a door. A long skirt comes flopping over the wall of the changing room.

HENRY
(toward changing room)
Rachel. You're gonna be late.

RACHEL'S VOICE
Louise, you've got too much great stuff.

OWNER
(laughs)
Take it all, darlin'.

Henry and the Owner look at each other.

DESK TOP

The rubber-gloved hands are neatly folding the pasted-together message. It is then placed in an envelope that already bears a name and address composed of cut-out words:

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

MISS RACHEL MARRON
1827 WAVERLY LANE
BEL AIR, CALIFORNIA

The envelope goes OUT OF FRAME, then reappears, sealed. The unseen correspondent holds it there, admiring the job.

EXT. FRANK FARMER'S HOUSE (W. LOS ANGELES) DAY

Frank gets out of a cab with two suitcases. His house is a modest stucco affair on a small lot. He goes up the walk and puts down his suitcases. He looks at the rampant foliage and overgrown grass. Supermarket circulars cover his doorstep. He picks up a few and fishes a key from his pocket.

INT. BEDROOM, PORTMAN'S APARTMENT DAY

Lisa Arnett's face on a satin pillow. Her blonde hair is now matted with sweat. Her face is contorted in pain. Very slowly, a slight change. It seems now to be intense pleasure. One gasp.

EXT. U.S. MAIL BOX DAY

The pasted-together letter is dropped onto the inside of the door of the mailbox. The door is released. It closes with an enormous, RESONATING BANG.

THE TITLES END.

EXT. FRANK FARMER'S HOUSE (FRONT) DAY

A yellow Porsche is parked at the curb. The front yard has been carefully tended to. Devaney is knocking at the front door with no results. He HEARS a YELL from behind the house and walks around the side.

FROM A DISTANCE we see him approach Frank, who is lying in the shade of the one tree in his backyard. Frank sits up, shakes Devaney's hand, then lies down again as Devaney talks.

BACKYARD

Frank lies on an Indian blanket wearing only blue jeans; an old scar runs across the left side of his belly.

(Cont.)

Devaney notices a wooden post sticking out of the ground in front of the fence at the back of the yard. Five throwing knives are stuck in it at odd angles.

DEVANEY
What do you mean you don't do show business jobs?

Devaney takes the knives out of the post.

DEVANEY
The biggest money is in show business people.

Devaney walks about ten feet from the post, turns, sets and throws one of the knives. It misses the post by three feet and clatters against the fence.

Frank opens his eyes, sees what's going on and closes his eyes again.

DEVANEY
(looking at knives)
Do you really do these things?

He keeps flinging and the knives keep missing.

FRANK
Isn't she the one who plays golf?

This is enough to distract Devaney from his knife-throwing.

DEVANEY
(exasperated)
Farmer, Rachel Marron is one of the five or six most famous people in America. She's the hottest thing going. A Tony, three Grammys. She's got the number one song in the country and she's up for an Oscar. And you want to know "Isn't she the one...?"
(turning back to knives)
Christ, man, where you been?

FRANK
You mean she doesn't play golf?

DEVANEY
(defeated)
Yes. She plays golf. She plays better than most men.

FRANK
I thought I knew who she was.
(pause)
I used to play a little.

(Cont.)
Devaney is picking up the knives from around the fence.

DEVANEY
You're probably deadly with these things, aren't you?

FRANK
Deadly.

DEVANEY
Show me.

Frank doesn't move.

DEVANEY
Why are you resisting this job? Farmer, $700 a week.
(no response)
All right, 800.

FRANK
There are several good men available for that kind of money. Have you talked to Fitzgerald or Racine? Portman?

Devaney senses an opening and sits down beside Frank for what he takes to be the first serious talk.

DEVANEY
We're told you're the best.

FRANK
There's no such thing.

DEVANEY
Farmer, we're talking about a very frightened lady. With a seven-year-old son. And believe me, I've seen enough of these kook threats to know what to ignore. I wouldn't be here if I didn't think this was for real.
(long pause)
Farmer, Rachel begged me to get you.

Frank sits up finally and looks at Devaney a long time. He takes all five throwing knives from Devaney and stands up.

FRANK
All right. I'll come and I'll look the situation over. If I take it, it's a thousand a week.

DEVANEY
(whistles)
Okay. You must be very deadly for a grand a week.

FRANK
See for yourself.

Frank is now about twenty feet from the wooden post. He throws one of the knives. It misses the post and clatters against the fence.

FRANK
Shit.

Devaney's face drops. Frank examines the next knife.

FRANK
(mumbling)
I know it's something like...

The second knife gets away from him at the top of his arc and disappears into some bushes about three feet from Devaney. Devaney stands up in a hurry and moves behind Frank.

FRANK
Sorry.

Frank raises his hand to throw again, then stops and motions Devaney off to the side.

FRANK
Better not stand right behind me.

Devaney smiles weakly. Frank lets the third knife go with one smooth motion.

The knife sinks an inch into the center of the post. Thump.

Frank's hand arcking again. Both the remaining knives.

Both knives stick in the post forming a straight vertical line with the first one.

EXT. WAVERLY LANE, BEL AIR (MARRON ESTATE) DAY

Frank stops his nondescript Chevy across the quiet street from the closed, unmanned gate at the bottom of the Marron driveway.

FRANK'S P.O.V. as he looks over the gate, the wall, the heavy vegetation and the rising grounds beyond.

(Cont.)
(NOTE: The use of the term FRANK's P.O.V. is not to be taken simply as a camera direction. Rather it represents a recurring attempt to make the audience see in the special way Frank sees. Frank lives by constant vigilance, heightened awareness. It is his genius and his burden. The audience must be put in the position of looking, searching, scanning with him.)

Frank pulls up to the gate and gets out of his car. He grabs a bar of the gate and pulls. The whole gate rattles. Frank gets back in his car and pushes a button on the intercom box at the side of the gate. A MAN'S VOICE crackles out of the box. Transmission is terrible.

MAN'S VOICE
Yes?

FRANK
Frank Farmer to see Miss Marron.

MAN'S VOICE
What?

FRANK
Farmer to see Miss Marron!

MAN'S VOICE
(obviously has not heard)
Have you got an appointment?

FRANK
The Dodgers haven't got a prayer!

MAN'S VOICE
All right.

There is a loud BUZZING and the gate swings arthritically open.

DRIVEWAY

FRANK'S P.O.V. as he moves up the winding drive through heavily landscaped grounds. Plenty of potential hiding places. The mansion is at the top of the hill. The grounds behind the mansion fall away.

CIRCULAR DRIVE/ENTRANCE AREA

The mansion is huge. On and on it goes. Frank drives past the garage area where Henry Dupres is washing the limousine. Henry peers at Frank, puts down his sponge and walks toward

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)
the entrance, where Frank is parking. Frank gets out, looks around.

HENRY
Can I help you?

FRANK
Are you the man on the intercom?

HENRY
No. Can I help you?

FRANK
My name is Edison. I have an appointment with Miss Marron.

HENRY
Oh. And that was arranged by...?

FRANK
(impressed)
Mr. Devaney.

HENRY
(convinced)
Go right ahead, Mr. Edison.

Henry goes back to the limousine. Frank rings the doorbell. EMMA, a fiftyish housekeeper, opens the door.

FRANK
Eli Whitney, to see Mr. Devaney.

EMMA
Come in, please.

INT. MARRON MANSION DAY

Frank steps into the foyer with Emma. She is a warm, matronly woman who does a fine job running the house without standing on custom.

EMMA
I'll tell you quite honestly, Mr. Whitney, I don't know where Mr. Devaney is. Did he say he'd be here?

FRANK
Yes.

EMMA
Then he probably is. Let me look.

(Cont.)
She leads Frank into a large, unused formal parlor.

EMMA
Please make yourself at home.
Can I get you anything?

Frank demurs and Emma disappears back through the foyer. Frank watches her go, then moves off into the house in the opposite direction.

VARIOUS ROOMS

The deeper Frank walks into the house, the warmer and more lived-in the rooms appear.

SUN ROOM

Frank steps into a tiled sun room that overlooks the pool area. One wall is all glass. On the opposite wall are shelves containing the trophies of Rachel Marron's career: A Tony award, three Grammys, gold and platinum records, several golf trophies, other statues and plaques. Frank looks down at the pool.

FRANK'S P.O.V. Dwarfed by the pool, the only person in sight is seven-year-old FLETCHER MARRON, dark-haired and fragile. He is crouched at the side of the pool with the remote control unit for a foot-long model speedboat which is cutting across the water.

MAN'S VOICE
May I help you?

Frank looks up to find a fortyish butler, ROBERT. Dressed in an open-collared shirt, he looks as though he'd be happier in formal butler attire.

FRANK
I spoke to you on the intercom.

ROBERT
Oh, yes, Mr...?

FRANK
Bell. I had an appointment.

ROBERT
Come this way, please.

Robert leads Frank down a flight of stairs. Somber classical MUSIC comes from this direction.

FAMILY ROOM

Robert motions Frank into the room, then goes back up the stairs. The room is large and comfortable with plenty of seating, a bar, a wall of stereo gear and a projection booth. All the chairs face the far end of the room and it isn't immediately apparent how many people are hidden in among the big cushions.

A YOUNG MALE DANCER, bare-chested and wearing denim cut-offs, is doing an interpretive dance in front of the glass wall at the end of the room. Sunlight throws him into silhouette. Cigarette smoke rises from the cushions of the foremost sofa.

As Frank sits on a barstool at the back, a large swivel chair turns to reveal Devaney. He indicates that the show, for which he has obvious contempt, is almost over.

On the other side of the room, a brawny, heavy-set Man in his late thirties rises to look at Frank. He has a twenty-inch neck. Devaney signals to him that everything is all right. The brawny Man looks at Frank a moment more, then sits down.

Frank looks around the room.

A shelf laden with vitamins. Guitars of various make. A flute. A gold record being used as an ashtray.

In one of the chairs, a pretty Woman in her mid-thirties is knitting. She glances occasionally at the Dancer.

The MUSIC CLIMAXES and the Dancer droops dramatically to a finish, show over. Applause. The clapping from the front sofa is loudest. Then laughter. RACHEL'S VOICE comes from the sofa.

RACHEL'S VOICE
(to Dancer; laughing)
Come here, Rory!

The Dancer goes to the sofa and disappears from sight. Sound of kissing, laughter.

RACHEL'S VOICE
Rory, as a dancer you're a great maitre d'.

Devaney moves to the front of the room.

DEVANEY
Rachel.

(Cont.)

RACHEL'S VOICE
Nicki, how'd you like Rory's dance?

The knitting woman, NICKI MARANZA, responds.

NICKI
It was just great, Rory.

RACHEL'S VOICE
Guido? I'll bet Guido loved it.

The brawny man, GUIDO, shrugs and stands to look at Frank as he speaks.

GUIDO
Ehh!

RACHEL'S VOICE
(laughs)
Don't worry, Rory, Guido doesn't know great art.

DEVANEY
Rachel, Frank Farmer is --

RACHEL'S VOICE
Devaney, how'd you like Rory's dance?

DEVANEY
Terrific.

RACHEL'S VOICE
Don't listen to them, Rory. I know you've got talent.

Devaney is now facing the unseen Rachel.

DEVANEY
Rachel, Frank Farmer is here.

Devaney nods in Frank's direction. Nicki looks at Frank.

RACHEL'S VOICE
Who's here?

DEVANEY
Frank Farmer.
(getting no response)
The bodyguard.

RACHEL'S VOICE
I think Rory should be my bodyguard.

(Cont.)
Devaney is a little embarrassed and tired of this.

DEVANEY
Rachel, raise your butt out of there and meet this man.

RACHEL'S VOICE
Okay, okay! Sorry, Rory, domestic responsibilities.

RACHEL MARRON finally rises from the sofa. It's a bit of a shock to see that she is only about thirty years old. A young woman. Not beautiful, not ugly. Unique only in that she is immediately interesting. A Superstar.

Rachel and Frank look across the room at each other.

RACHEL
Come up here, Mr. Bodyguard.
(pause)
Don't be shy. I won't bite.

Frank comes forward.

DEVANEY
Frank Farmer, Rachel Marron.

Rachel offers her hand and they shake. Rachel looks him up and down.

DEVANEY
This is Nicki Maranza, Rachel's sister and personal secretary.

NICKI
Nice to meet you, Mr. Farmer.

DEVANEY
And that's Guido Scibelli.

Guido nods but makes no move to shake hands.

RACHEL
This is Rory Night.

The Dancer reaches up to shake hands with Frank and lies back across the sofa.

RACHEL
Can we get you a drink?

FRANK
Orange juice.

(Cont.)

RACHEL
Straight? Nicki.

Nicki goes to the bar. Rachel sits and motions for Frank to sit opposite her.

RACHEL
Rory, go away.

Rory gets up, picks up a T-shirt and sandals and silently leaves the room.

RACHEL
I'll tell you right now, Mr. Farmer, this is all Devaney's idea.

Frank looks at Devaney, who looks away.

RACHEL
Guido here has always handled my security and we've done just fine. I've been getting death threats from kooks since I started making it in Pittsburgh.

DEVANEY
Not like this. Not this number. Or this vicious.

RACHEL
(to Devaney)
Have you ever seen a non-vicious death threat? Besides, I've never been this big. I'm sure Mr. Farmer can tell you that the number of nuts writing fan letters jumps every time you're on the cover of a magazine.

Frank nods. Nicki hands him his orange juice and returns to her knitting.

NICKI
Rachel, you know it's gotten scary lately.

RACHEL
(indicating Nicki and Devaney)
You see what I'm dealing with here. Anyway, with my son Fletcher around, I'm willing to go along. As long as we all understand each other. I'm not going to let this thing alter my life one iota. I will not let the loonies out there intrude on my space.

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(Cont.)

RACHEL (Cont.)
(pause, then mistress of the manor)
I run a very informal household and I'm sure you're going to blend in fine. We're all on a first name basis here. You may have met Emma and Robert when you came in. You can call me Rachel.

Frank looks at her. Devaney doesn't like the tone this is taking.

RACHEL
I think I'm safe when I'm here at the house so I guess the main thing will be when I go out. Guido will be able to fill you in on all that. You two will have to work something out. I don't want both of you falling all over me everywhere I go. The most important thing is this -- I will not allow Fletcher to be affected by this thing. I don't want him to think he's in prison. So the house and grounds must not be altered in any way. He shouldn't be aware that you're here. Is that clear?

Frank looks at her a long time, glancing up at Devaney once.

FRANK
Miss Marron --

RACHEL
Rachel.

FRANK
There's been a mistake. A misunderstanding. If you'll show me the quickest way out, we'll save each other a lot of trouble.

Frank gets up.

GUIDO
You can go past the pool.

DEVANEY
(desperate)
Shut up, Guido. Farmer, will you wait a minute?

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)
Rachel looks on cooly as Frank slides open the glass door.

FRANK
Nice meeting you.

Frank walks outside, across the lawn.

EXT. BACK LAWN, MARRON GROUNDS DAY

Frank walks away from the window wall. Behind him Devaney can be seen speaking heatedly to Rachel. Devaney slides open the door and runs after Frank.

DEVANEY
Farmer, will you wait a minute?

Frank stops, faces Devaney.

DEVANEY
Rachel doesn't know how you work. I should have told her more. I'm sorry -- but I was afraid she wouldn't go through with it. And whether she knows it or not, she needs you. So I thought I'd let the two of you talk it out...come to an understanding.

FRANK
We did.

Frank turns to go.

DEVANEY
(one last try)
Just wait here for one minute. I want to show you something.

Devaney runs back toward the house. Frank continues on his way. The SOUND of a MOTOR getting louder.

POOL AREA

Frank walks up to the pool, where Fletcher is playing with his remote control speed boat. Frank looks at Fletcher's frail little, nut-brown figure and continues to walk.

Fletcher looks up and turns off his engine, happy to have someone to talk to.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

FLETCHER
Hi!

FRANK
(continuing to walk)
Hi.

FLETCHER
How are you today?

FRANK
(wants to keep walking)
All right. How 'bout yourself?

FLETCHER
Oh, I'm fine. Do you like boats?

Frank gives up. He's not going to get out of here. He stops.

FRANK
No. I don't like boats.

FLETCHER
You don't! Why not?

FRANK
Oh, I don't know.

FLETCHER
Sure you do, but you don't want to tell me.

Frank considers him, then slips out of his sport coat. He crouches down so that he is eye-level with Fletcher.

FRANK
You're a smart kid.

Fletcher nods.

FRANK
I'll tell you. One time I was stuck on a boat with some people for four months.

FLETCHER
A life boat?

FRANK
Nope. A big white yacht.

FLETCHER
(thinks about this)
Lots of Mom's friends have yachts and I love 'em.

(Cont.)

FRANK
(standing to leave)
Well, nobody's perfect.

Fletcher squints up at him, the sun in his eyes.

FLETCHER
You're the bodyguard, aren't you?

Frank is surprised.

FRANK
What do you know about it?

FLETCHER
I've got ears.

Devaney trots into the pool area, out of breath. He is holding a bulging manila file. As he sees Fletcher, he holds the file casually at his side.

Frank sees Fletcher looking at the file.

DEVANEY
How are you, Fletch?
(to Frank)
I'm glad you waited. Let's go over here.

FRANK
(to Fletcher)
Nice meeting you.

Fletcher looks after them silently.

PATIO

Devaney and Frank walk to a table on the patio. Fletcher is well out of earshot as they sit down. Devaney slides the file across the table at Frank, opening it. Inside are letters of every size and condition. Repeatedly throughout this scene Frank's gaze is drawn to Fletcher, who has started his boat again.

DEVANEY
This is just the last six months.

FRANK
(looks at the pile)
Have you ever tried sending them to a lab?

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

DEVANEY
What for? They're handled by secretaries, fan club presidents, mailmen...

Frank begins to look through the letters, flipping them by the corner of the page. From many different sources, some are scrawled, some typed, some assembled from cut-outs. Many are soiled and torn, others immaculate. Occasionally one will have a photo of Rachel with crude markings on it.

Frank goes through them quickly, with an expert eye. He sometimes pauses to read one more carefully. A few he removes from the stack and places in the center of the table.

FRANK
(setting another in the center)
These are nothing.
(stops at one, smiles)
This is a little old lady in Akron. She's written to everybody I've ever worked for.

He continues to turn until something stops him. Several letters are paper-clipped together. They are the neat pasted-up type we saw being assembled on the desk top.

DEVANEY
Those are coming in now. They're horrible. I think it's the same guy who made the call I told you about.

FRANK
Are these all recent?

DEVANEY
All the rest. Within the last month.

Frank finishes the stack. He closes the file, leaving the stack in the center of the table, which he taps.

FRANK
You can throw these out. They're harmless.

Devaney searches Frank's face. Frank turns and watches Fletcher at the pool.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

FRANK
Of course, you never know for sure; but it looks like you could have a problem.

There is a long silence.

DEVANEY
Farmer, I'll make Rachel understand how you work. She won't like it, but she'll do it. We'll work it out. Rachel won't give you any static.

Frank is still focused on Fletcher.

FRANK
Yes she will.

DEVANEY
(exasperated)
So what job is perfect? You're a bodyguard, aren't you?

Slowly Frank turns toward Devaney. Frank nods.

FRANK
(quietly)
Yeah.

Devaney is enormously relieved. He smiles his perfect smile.

FRANK
Devaney. If you ever lie to me again, I'll take you apart.

EXT. REAR FACADE, MARRON MANSION DAY

We hear the following conversation VOICE OVER as we look at the rear of the house. Henry Dupres and Frank are walking down a hallway and coming into a room; we hear the appropriate SOUNDS.

HENRY (V.O.)
Why'd you say your name was Edison?

FRANK (V.O.)
I wanted to see how hard it was to get in.

HENRY (V.O.)
And it wasn't.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)
SOUND: Footsteps stop, a door opens.

HENRY (V.O.)
This is it.

FRANK (V.O.)
Not bad. Where are you?

HENRY (V.O.)
Over the garage.

FRANK (V.O.)
How's that?

HENRY (V.O.)
This is better.

Frank appears at the window door of a room on the lower level. He slides it open and steps out.

FRANK'S P.O.V. as he surveys the rear of the house and down over the sloping grounds.

Frank steps back into the bedroom.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM, MARRON MANSION DAY

Henry Dupres is leaning against the door jamb. The room is comfortable, a guest bedroom. Frank flops one battered suitcase onto the bed and opens it. He pulls open some drawers in the dresser and starts putting away his clothes.

FRANK
I'll bet you can fill up a whole day just washing the cars and driving Rachel Marron around town.

HENRY
That's my job.

FRANK
We're adding to your duties. You're my new assistant.

Frank removes three boxes of cartridges from the suitcase and puts them in the back of a dresser drawer as Henry watches.

HENRY
Says who?

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

FRANK
Henry, I've spent a lot of time guarding people all over the world. And I've found one thing to be true. No matter how incompetent the assassins, no matter how much they miss their target by, there's one person who always gets hit.

HENRY
Who?

FRANK
The cocky black chauffeur.

Henry considers this a moment and smiles.

EXT. THE PERIMETER OF THE ESTATE (VARIOUS SHOTS) DAY

THE FORTIFICATION OF THE ESTATE begins as Frank and Henry walk the grounds. Frank talks and points, Henry takes notes on a pad. Frank gestures at the stonework of the GATE, points at the top of the STONE WALL along Waverly Lane. At the TALL HEDGES which separate the estate from its neighbors, Frank gestures to take in the entire length of the hedged border. Henry stops in amazement. Frank keeps walking.

POOL AREA

Fletcher stands at the edge of the terrace, staring down across the rear grounds.

FLETCHER'S P.O.V. Frank and Henry are down there conferring about the fence.

Rachel appears beside Fletcher, looks down there too, then leads her son purposefully away. Fletcher isn't happy about it.

INT. MARRON MANSION (VARIOUS SHOTS) DAY

Frank tours the house with Robert, Emma and Henry. Robert regards the whole process with undisguised distaste. Emma finds it all exciting. Frank opens various doors, fidgets with locking mechanisms.

IN THE BASEMENT, Frank opens doors, shines his flashlight in dark corners. He pulls on a basement window and the lock gives. Dust showers down on Robert.

INT. BALLET STUDIO, POOL HOUSE (MARRON ESTATE) DAY

A small room at one end of the pool house has been fitted with a wall mirror and ballet exercise bar. A STEREO PLAYS exercise music.

Nicki, dressed in leotards, is doing ballet exercises at the bar. Frank appears outside the window. Nicki waves him in. He stops near the door, looking the room over.

NICKI
You can look around if you like.

Frank indicates that won't be necessary. Nicki stops working out.

NICKI
It's my private place. I'm the only one who comes here.

FRANK
I'm sorry to disturb you.

NICKI
That's all right. It's an excuse to rest. This is still hard work.

FRANK
How long have you been dancing?

NICKI
(lightly, self-deprecating)
Since I was three, if you can believe that. With a few lapses. Used to put on shows for the relatives, you know. Till I was five, I did a solo. Then Rachel joined the act. As you can imagine, she was quite a little entertainer. Even then, she had a way of stopping the show.

FRANK
Did you dance professionally?

NICKI
Oh, a couple of years. First ballet, then a gypsy. Chorus.
(a quick smile)
Then I'll be damned if my kid sister didn't turn into a mini-conglomerate over night. I've been with her ever since.
(she studies his face)
It's a better job, believe me.

She laughs.

EXT. GARAGE AREA, MARRON ESTATE DAY

Frank and Henry walk toward the closed garages.

HENRY
That depends on what you call a "hint".

FRANK
I don't want anyone on the street to be able to look at the cars and know who owns them.

Henry leans in a doorway and hits a master switch. The three doors of the garage start to rise IN SEQUENCE.

HENRY
I don't think there's anything here you'd call a "hint".

One at a time the doors go up to REVEAL:
First garage -- the Cadillac limousine we've seen earlier. License: RACHEL 2
Second garage -- a gray Mercedes. License: RACHEL 3
Third garage -- a Jaguar XKE in an outrageous pink. No other car in the world is this color. License: RACHEL 1

Frank looks at Henry, who is laughing, and shakes his head. He walks toward the Jag and gestures toward the other two cars.

FRANK
Get new plates for those two.

Frank releases the hood of the Jag, then walks around and lifts the hood. He looks inside for a moment, then reaches into the guts of the engine. He fiddles for a second, then stands up and slams the hood.

EXT. GATE AREA DAY

THE FORTIFICATION continues as workmen re-do the entrance. Henry watches a bulldozer clear away the stonework.

STONE WALL ALONG WAVERLY LANE

Frank watches workmen string barbed wire along the top.

TALL HEDGES

Workmen put up a seven-foot cyclone fence.

LAWN

Fletcher sits on the grass about half-way to the house watching the activity with delighted interest.

INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM DAY

Rachel is looking out her window at Fletcher and the workmen. The sight disturbs her. She opens the window.

RACHEL
Fletcher! C'mon. Let's eat.

INT. POLO LOUNGE, BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL DAY

Near the entrance, Rachel is saying goodbye to a middle-aged WOMAN. Frank stands nearby with Nicki. The woman says something to Rachel, who turns and looks at Frank. Rachel whispers something to the woman and they both laugh. They kiss and Rachel moves toward the door.

WOMAN
(an afterthought, phony)
Goodbye, Nicki. Great to see you.

Nicki waves and follows Rachel. Frank stays very close without seeming to walk with Rachel.

LOBBY

A Little Girl darts out into their path and approaches Rachel. Rachel glances at Frank, who has stopped with her, then signs an autograph for the Girl.

Rachel, Nicki and Frank all reach the front door together and Frank slips out first, glancing around. Rachel comes out and passes within inches of him.

RACHEL
I'm surprised you didn't plug her.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL DAY

Henry waits in the driver's seat of the limo. The Doorman holds the door for Rachel and Nicki. Frank waits till they're in, his eyes scanning, then gets in the front seat with Henry. The car moves out.

INT. MARRON MANSION (VARIOUS SHOTS) DAY

THE FORTIFICATION continues as workmen tighten screws, install electrical wiring, test alarms. Frank watches as a skilled locksmith drills the heavy front door. New locks lie nearby.

RACHEL'S BEDROOM

A mild-looking OLD LOCKSMITH is working on Rachel's window. Rachel walks in, unbuttoning her blouse. She stops, startled, then blows up.

RACHEL
Get out! Get out or I'll throw you out the window.

Terrified, the old locksmith drops his tools and begins backing out of the room.

OLD LOCKSMITH
Yes, ma'am. Thank you. I'm a real fan of yours, Miss Marron.

Still angry, but disarmed, Rachel makes a face.

RACHEL
Then you can take your tools.

EXT. THE ROXY THEATRE, SUNSET STRIP NIGHT

The marquee announces the opening night of a singer named Billy Thomas. A crowd of street people, groupies, and autograph hounds has assembled on the sidewalk in front. An unruly group, getting strip-crazier by the minute. A few LEADERS begin a CHANT.

LEADERS
Rachel! Rachel! We want Rachel!

Others join in.

INT. DRESSING ROOM, ROXY THEATRE NIGHT

The room is crowded with celebrity well-wishers. The show has been over a half hour and now Rachel gives Billy Thomas a farewell kiss. She and Guido make their way out of the room.

LOBBY

Frank stops Rachel and Guido as they are about to enter the lobby. Guido brushes Frank's hand away and stares out at the crowd on the sidewalk.

GUIDO
I'll take care of this.

He heads for the door. Again Frank lays a hand on him.

FRANK
That won't be necessary.

Guido shakes the hand off roughly and points his finger at Frank.

GUIDO
Look, pal, don't push your luck. And don't touch me.

He turns and heads out to the sidewalk like a bull.

EXT. ROXY THEATRE

Guido bursts out the front door and begins cutting a swath through the crowd.

GUIDO
Make way here. Outta the way!

A burly Street Regular gets a shove from Guido and comes back hard. The crowd immediately sides with him, YELLING encouragement. But Guido is the better man and sends him sprawling. The rest of the way to the curb opens up.

AT THE CURB Guido discovers there is no limousine and turns in bewilderment to Rachel. But she is not there.

EXT. ALLEY NIGHT

Rachel and Frank emerge from the darkness between two garbage bins and get into the limousine Henry has waiting there. The car moves out.

INT. KITCHEN, MARRON MANSION NIGHT

Frank sits alone at a table in the huge kitchen, carefully cutting and eating a peach. The door at the other end of the room slams opens and Guido stalks in. He has just made his way home from the Roxy and he is boiling. He sights on Frank and moves toward him fast.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)
Frank just watches until Guido is almost upon him. As Guido reaches out to lift him by his shirt, Frank spins low out of his seat. Guido's legs are knocked out from under him. He lands hard on his back and finds himself looking up at Frank, who holds him down with the chair he was sitting on, like a lion tamer. A leg strut is across Guido's throat. Frank looks down at him questioningly, as if to ask, "Had enough?"

Guido scowls and nods. Frank lifts the chair away. Guido stands and faces him. Frank turns away and Guido throws a punch at his head, barely catching him as Frank ducks and moves in under it. He hits Guido twice and throws him against a cabinet. Guido gets up slowly, looks around and grabs a carving knife from a hook on the wall. He holds it in front of him threateningly.

Frank shakes his head. He's getting irritated. He picks up the knife he'd been using on the peach and flips it in his hand so he's holding it by the blade. With the same fluid motion we've seen earlier, he throws it at Guido.

It sticks in the wall an inch from Guido's ear. Guido does a slow take and then lowers his blade.

Frank picks up his dirty dish and takes it to the sink. He glances at Guido.

FRANK
I don't want to talk about this again.

INT. BOUTIQUE, BEVERLY HILLS DAY

With the aid of the Shop Owner, Rachel has picked out an armload of clothing. Frank leans casually against a wall.

RACHEL
(looking at a skimpy halter)
Wooo. They'd love this back in Pittsburgh.
(to the Owner)
This is enough. Let me try it on.

Rachel begins to step into a changing booth at the back of the store, then stops dramatically. She speaks to Frank.

RACHEL
(indicating the open booth)
Farmer, do you want to come in here with me, just to be safe?

Frank just looks at her.

INT. RACHEL'S LIMOUSINE DAY

Rachel is alone in the back, wearing sunglasses. Shopping bags and scripts on the seat beside her. Frank and Henry are riding up front. They are traveling west on Sunset. Rachel sees something ahead.

RACHEL
Pick her up.

Henry looks at Frank as he pulls over. A pretty girl, DEDE, dressed in worn denim and carrying an ornate leather bag is hitch-hiking. She doesn't know which door to get in until Rachel motions her in back with her. Dede is chewing gum.

RACHEL
Hi.

DEDE
Hi. Thanks for stopping. I've never been in one of these.

RACHEL
Where are you going?

DEDE
Venice.

RACHEL
What's your name?

DEDE
DeDe Duval.

RACHEL
C'mon.

DEDE
Really. Born with it.

RACHEL
You know who I am?

DeDe stares at Rachel behind the sunglasses. Rachel lowers the glasses for a moment.

DEDE
Oh, God. Rachel Marron! God. I'm a big fan of yours. Wow!

RACHEL
Okay, that's enough. I'm convinced.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

DEDE
No really. I've always tried to be just like you.

RACHEL
Well, give it up. You're too pretty.

DEDE
Oh, thank you. What I'd give for your talent.

RACHEL
What would you give?

DEDE
Anything.

RACHEL
You're an actress, right?

DEDE
Right. I want to be.

RACHEL
What are you now?

DEDE
A masseuse.

Rachel chuckles.

DEDE
Please, don't make fun of me.

Rachel is silent for a moment.

RACHEL
I'm not. Don't be so touchy. This is a tough town, kid. And a woman's got to be twice as tough as a man. They'll call you a dyke, but tough-ness is the only thing they understand.

DeDe is fascinated.

RACHEL
(self-deprecating)
Take this down, DeDe. It's straight from the top. You think it's all fun at the top? You think it's fun riding around in this limo and living in a big mansion?

DEDE
Yes.

(Cont.)

RACHEL
You're goddamn right it is!

They both laugh.

RACHEL
You want some advice, DeDe?
(DeDe nods)
Good. I'm loaded with it.
First of all, change your name.
Nobody's gonna believe DeDe.

DEDE
I couldn't do that.

RACHEL
That's right, don't change your name. So far you're really impressed with me. After you don't change your name, do this. Get good. Get very good at what you do. If you're really good, you'll do okay. You won't be a superstar like me -- that's all luck -- but you'll do okay. Most aren't any good at all. You wouldn't believe the mediocrity in this town! Top to bottom.

DEDE
No.

RACHEL
You been to the movies lately? They're worse than ever. And don't chew your gum so loud. It's bad for your image.

DeDe swallows her gum. Rachel makes a face.

RACHEL
Where are you a masseuse? On Santa Monica Boulevard?
(DeDe nods, embarrassed)
There are a lot of ways into this business, but that ain't one of them. What else can I tell you? It doesn't matter what you do on your way up. No one remembers when you're big. They all love you.

DEDE
It's funny. Everything you're saying is how I imagined it was.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

RACHEL
It always is.

They're silent for a while. Rachel looks at the back of Frank's head.

RACHEL
If you really make it, then every crazy schmuck in America starts writing you letters.
(looks at DeDe)
But you do get all the best guys, if you want. That's true. How old are you, DeDe?

DEDE
Twenty-five.

RACHEL
Twenty-five. What the hell can I tell you about struggling? You know more about it than I do. Rachel Marron was starring on Broadway when she was twenty.

Rachel opens her purse and takes out several large bills. She hands them to DeDe.

RACHEL
Take this.

DEDE
(resisting)
I couldn't.

RACHEL
Take it and quit being a masseuse.

DEDE
(taking the money)
Thank you, Miss Marron.

RACHEL
Don't tell anybody. If you're still an actress a year from now, come see me. Not before, though.

Henry pulls the car over to the side of Sunset.

DEDE
Thank you.

RACHEL
And don't hitchhike! If you're going to get raped, get raped by someone who can do you some good.

(Cont.)
DeDe gets out, then jumps back in and hugs Rachel. She gets out again and closes the door. Henry pulls away and DeDe is left looking at the limo. Henry turns off of Sunset.

RACHEL
Christ...A masseuse.

EXT. REAR FENCE, MARRON ESTATE DAY

Workmen string a trip wire between the posts at the top of the fence. Frank and Fletcher walk along surveying the work. Fletcher has come all the way into the hubbub and is loving it.

POOL AREA

Rachel has been watching Fletcher and Frank down the hill. Now she leans back on the chaise lounge on which she's been sunning, a scowl on her face. There is the screeching HOWL OF A DRILL ON METAL from the direction of the house. Rachel jumps.

RACHEL
Shut up, you assholes!

EXT. GATE HOUSE, MARRON ESTATE DAY

The area is greatly changed. A uniformed Guard motions Devaney's Porsche through an swesome new gate that is slowly opening across the driveway. Devaney speeds up the hill. The Guard steps back into the new gate house. On one of the two TV screens in there, the Porsche can be seen taking the curves in the drive. The other screen shows the rear grounds.

INT. FAMILY ROOM, MARRON MANSION DAY

Nicki is cutting fruit at the bar. Rachel, very tense, is taking the fruit and dropping it into a yogurt drink she's making in the blender. Devaney hurries into the room; Nicki gives him a look.

RACHEL
I want him gone.

DEVANEY
What is it now?

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

NICKI
He told Rachel no Sunday brunch at Charlie's.

DEVANEY
Oh, Jesus. That's why you called me up here?

RACHEL
That is not it! It's my money and my life and I want him out of here.

DEVANEY
Where is he?

Nicki indicates the pool area in back. Devaney walks toward the glass door.

RACHEL
He's through putzing with my life.

DEVANEY
(leaning out the glass door)
Farmer! Would you come in here a minute?

Devaney walks back toward Rachel.

DEVANEY
Rachel, you agreed to this thing --

RACHEL
Who knew he was nuts?

DEVANEY
-- And I'm getting goddamn sick of running up here every time he steps on your toes.

Frank comes in the sliding door. Devaney turns to him.

DEVANEY
Farmer, what is this about brunch at Charlie's? Rachel's been going there every Sunday for the last five years.

FRANK
I don't want her doing anything she's always done.

RACHEL
What are you talking to this guy for? He's a fanatic.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

DEVANEY
So's the guy on the telephone!
So are the letter writers.

RACHEL
Excuse me if I don't faint.

NICKI
Think of Fletcher --

Rachel turns on the blender, drowning out Nicki's voice. Frank looks at Rachel coolly. She stares at him petulantly, then turns off the blender.

RACHEL
Do you know he's got the phones bugged? He's turned this joint into a goddamn armed camp. The gold in Fort Knox isn't this safe.

DEVANEY
What do you want from my life?

RACHEL
I want some peace around here.

Devaney looks at Frank imploringly.

FRANK
We're almost done.

RACHEL
And I want to eat some lox and cream cheese with my friends!

FRANK
Go on Tuesday this week.

Rachel looks at him as though he were a Martian. She acts out revulsion and you know why millions of American movie-goers think she's hilarious.

RACHEL
(stretching it out)
Tuesday - morning - brunch?
Where did you find this guy?

DEVANEY
Can I go back to work making you rich?

Rachel turns on the blender, stares at Frank.

EXT. GOLF COURSE, RIVIERA COUNTRY CLUB DAY

6:15 A.M. Mist rises from the lush green fairways. Two figures. No one else in sight.

FAIRWAY

Rachel is playing a round before the course gets crowded. She walks along at a brisk pace. Frank is caddying, carrying her enormous golf bag on his shoulder. His eyes continually scan the area.

RACHEL
I like to go out without the cart sometimes. Better exercise. I'm not going too fast for you, am I? You're probably the highest paid caddy in the world right now.

CUT TO:

AT HER BALL. Rachel hits a long iron. Her swing is beautiful. She watches the ball sail, pleased. She turns to Frank.

RACHEL
Do you want to take a shot?

Frank shakes his head "no". Rachel grins and starts walking.

RACHEL
You probably won't believe this, but I have a reputation for being a bitch.

Frank says nothing. Rachel looks at him and laughs.

RACHEL
I didn't use to be. But you get known for being a certain way -- a way people <u>think</u> you are -- and pretty soon you get like that. Can't help it.

FRANK
Bullshit.

This surprises Rachel. She gives him a new lookover.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

RACHEL
He speaks! You don't think so? You're such an expert on famous people?

FRANK
I've seen a few.

RACHEL
And you disagree?

FRANK
(very flat)
You can be as you choose to be. It's an act of discipline sometimes, but it can be done.

Rachel stops in her tracks. Frank keeps walking.

RACHEL
Well, excuse me, Professor.

CUT TO:

A GREEN

Rachel talks as she lines up a fifteen-foot putt.

RACHEL
If you hit it straight here, you're screwed. It looks like you should, but you don't.

She is silent for a long moment, then strokes the ball firmly, sinking it. She looks at Frank as they walk to the next tee, continuing an interrupted monologue.

RACHEL
So why don't you stay with one of your clients? Only get off on the crisis situations? Or is it you're afraid you'll start to care about them?

FRANK
(without interest)
That's right.

RACHEL
Can't you just answer straight once? Why don't you talk to me? I'm not such a bad lady.

FRANK
You're too clever for me. I can't keep up.

CUT TO:

FAIRWAY

Rachel has teed off and now they're headed toward her ball. Frank continues to search the area with his gaze.

RACHEL
You bruised Guido's ego, you know that?

FRANK
I was afraid he was going to hurt me.

RACHEL
You won't try to bruise mine, will you?

FRANK
Lady, I just work here.

She looks at his face.

RACHEL
That's right. For me.

Frank nods.

RACHEL
You're not too proud for that, are you. I guess you're too disciplined for foolish pride.

FRANK
Do all your caddies have to listen to this?

This gets to her. She stops at her ball, looks away at the distant green. It's a tough shot: out from under a tree, over a trap.

RACHEL
Three.

He gives her the three iron. She sets herself, concentrates and smacks the ball perfectly. It lifts her spirits again.

RACHEL
A little chip and I'll be on.

She looks at Frank, beaming.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

RACHEL
Come on. Hit the ball once.

Frank demurs. Rachel takes another ball from her bag and drops it on the ground.

RACHEL
What are you afraid of?

Frank gives up. He gives her the bag and selects a five iron. He addresses the ball, looks at the hole, then back at the ball. He swings; hits it perfectly.

GREEN

The ball lands on the green and rolls to within ten feet of the cup.

FAIRWAY

Rachel watches Frank as he puts the club back in the bag without expression.

RACHEL
(finally)
Luck.

Frank nods, walks off toward the green. She can't see his face, but WE CAN. He has the look of a man who has just hit the best shot of his life.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, F.B.I. LOS ANGELES OFFICE DAY

The room is dark. An opaque projector throws an image onto a screen; it is a handwritten letter threatening the life of Rachel Marron. We HEAR three VOICES. One is Frank's; the other two belong to SPECIAL AGENTS RAY COURT and TERRY MINELLA.

MINELLA (O.S.)
This dude's just getting his rocks off. Look at that drawing of the bullet.

COURT (O.S.)
(laughs)
Frank, Terry claims to have a master's degree in psychology, but I think he got it off a matchbook cover.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

MINELLA (O.S.)
(referring to letter)
Basically, we'd say no problem. It was mailed in Chicago.

FRANK (O.S.)
Okay.

That letter is replaced on the screen by one of the pasted-up threats we saw being assembled earlier. It reads:

MARRON BITCH - YOU HAVE EVERYTHING. I HAVE NOTHING. THE TIME IS COMING WHEN YOU SHALL DIE...

Reading as fast as possible, we pick up some vicious threats and obscenities, but we don't have time to read it all before we CUT TO:

Frank's face illuminated by the screen.

COURT (O.S.)
This is another of the ones we think are worth pursuing. Lots of work went into it. No prints. We're doing lab work on it. It could be nothing.

Minella's face is illuminated above the projector.

MINELLA
This is the one you think is tied to the phone threat?

FRANK (O.S.)
That's what her manager thinks. But who knows? The language of the call was similar, but a lot of them have that.

COURT (O.S.)
This "I have nothing" business is natural with the record and movie and all.

The projector light goes off and the room light goes on. The room is practically bare. A framed picture of J. Edgar Hoover, with black border, hangs on the wall.

Ray Court, a heavy-set, career civil servant, raises the window shade. Sunlight streams in. On Court's lapel is a tiny P.T. Boat pin.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)
Terry Minella, a slight, dark 35 year old, offers Frank a cigarette; Frank declines, Minella lights up.

MINELLA
You didn't get tape on the phone call?

FRANK
(shakes his head)
It was before I came in. If he calls back, I get it.

Court lights a cigarette and speaks familiarly to Frank.

COURT
I sort of lost track of you after Dallas.

FRANK
Yeah.

COURT
How is the private stuff?

FRANK
Fine.

COURT
Big money, huh?

FRANK
Yeah. Ray, why am I getting all this cooperation?

COURT
Your movie star has powerful friends in government.

MINELLA
Politics and show business are practically the same these days.

FRANK
I appreciate it.

COURT
Well, old buddy, we're on the job.

FRANK
How much?

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

COURT
Well it's not full-time, but it's close.

Frank is surprised at this.

MINELLA
Have you got any crowd photos we can use?

Frank shakes his head "no".

COURT
You've got someone for the future?

FRANK
(nods)
But I'm trying to keep her away from crowds.

COURT
Good luck.

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE, SQUIRREL HILL PRODUCTIONS (BEVERLY HILLS
DAY

A golf ball drops into a regulation-size cup implanted in the floor. On the wall beyond it, a small neon sign blinks on with this message: YEA, RACHEL THE BALLBUSTING ACE! Obviously a gift.

Rachel stands at the other end of her large, comfortable office, golf putter in hand. Guido, eating an apple, watches from a chair. Nicki sits working at a small, immaculately organized, antique table.

RACHEL
What's Schiller trying to pull? Where the hell is it anyway? Next to the kitchen?

Nicki gets up, walks to the open door and speaks out to the reception area.

NICKI
Farmer, would you come in here?

Frank steps into the office.

NICKI
Do you know the Grand Plaza Hotel in Miami Beach?

Frank nods.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

NICKI
How does the Ambassador Suite compare to the Presidential for us?

Frank thinks only a moment.

FRANK
It's on the twentieth floor in the south wing. There's a service elevator right there. Mainly ocean windows. Should be no problem.

RACHEL
(to Nicki)
Get Schiller on the phone.

Nicki glances at Frank, then walks across the room to where Rachel was just standing. She hits a button on an intercom on Rachel's desk.

NICKI
Nina, get us Ben Schiller in Miami.

Nicki comes around the large, cluttered desk and sits in Rachel's chair. It is enormous. Frank starts toward the door.

RACHEL
(to Frank)
Hang around. We might need your vaunted expertise.

Frank stops and sits on the arm of a chair.

NINA (O.S.)
(out in reception area)
Please hold for Rachel Marron.

Nina buzzes.

NINA (O.S.)
Mr. Schiller on line one.

Nicki reaches for the phone, but Rachel motions for her to stop. Let him wait. She continues to putt. Rachel knocks the ball into the cup again, then walks slowly to the phone and hits a button, throwing the call onto a speaker.

RACHEL
Hello, Ben honey.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

SCHILLER'S VOICE
Hello, Rachel. How are you?

RACHEL
I was fine until a few minutes ago, Ben. Then Nicki told me you've got me in the Ambassador Suite.

SCHILLER'S VOICE
You'll love it, Rachel. It's fabulous. I just re-did it.

RACHEL
Ben, you know I always get the Presidential.

There is silence at the other end of the line.

RACHEL
Ben, you're not doing this to me because I'm half Italian, are you?

Schiller laughs half-heartedly.

SCHILLER'S VOICE
Rachel, I'm in a bind --

RACHEL
Is it because I'm half Jewish?

SCHILLER'S VOICE
Rachel, honey, I've got Governor Callaghan that whole week. He's got the Presidential Suite.

RACHEL
Governor Callaghan? I don't think I've heard his latest release. Is he a big draw?

SCHILLER'S VOICE
We're trying to get the Republican Convention down here, for chrissake!

RACHEL
So get him laid. Don't give him my room.

SCHILLER'S VOICE
Rachel, it's right in your contract.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)
Rachel walks over to the speaker of the phone and leans in close.

RACHEL
Ben, I realize you've got a serious problem on your hands. But I have confidence that you can handle it.

Long silence.

SCHILLER'S VOICE
(defeated)
All right, Rachel.

RACHEL
I'll tell you what, Ben. When Governor Callaghan is all settled in the Ambassador, send him up. I'll take care of him myself.

SCHILLER'S VOICE
Goodbye, Rachel.

RACHEL
See you soon, Ben honey.

The telephone speaker goes dead. Rachel smiles, goes back to her putting.

A gray-haired man in a worn suit steps tentatively into Rachel's office. He is MAX FRIDAY, a literary agent. Sixty-five, he has run too long and too hard.

FRIDAY
Rachel. I was on my way out. I heard your voice.

Devaney appears in the doorway behind him. Having failed in his attempt to get Friday smoothly out of the office, he silently signals Rachel an apology. Rachel is cool.

RACHEL
Hello, Max.

FRIDAY
(indicating Devaney)
We've been talking. You know that's the best script I've ever had to peddle. I can't hold it much longer.

(Cont.)
Rachel looks contemptuous. Nicki fidgets with some papers and looks away.

RACHEL
Max, are you trying to tell me you won't let me take my time to decide?

FRIDAY
Sure, sure. I'm not rushing you.

RACHEL
Yes you are, Max.

FRIDAY
(backing out, smiling)
I just wanted to say hello while I was here. Hello and goodbye.
(almost gone, he leans back in)
Trust me, Rachel.

Quick smile and he's gone.

FRIDAY (O.S.)
Goodbye, goodbye, everyone!

The outer DOOR is heard CLOSING.

RACHEL
That worm. One time he's got something good and he's squeezing me.

NICKI
(accusing)
And why shouldn't he?

Rachel looks at her, then up at Devaney.

DEVANEY
We'll have to decide soon.

Devaney turns and walks away. Frank gets up to leave.

RACHEL
Hey, Farmer. You know so much about life. Why don't you read this script he's hawking and tell me what you think?
(turning to Nicki)
Have we got a copy of the damn thing around here we could give to Farmer?

(Cont.)
Behind her, Frank leaves the room.

Rachel turns back to find him gone. For a moment she can't decide what to do. Then she smiles and goes back to her putting.

RECEPTION AREA

NINA, the office secretary, sits at a desk between the doors that lead to Rachel's and Devaney's offices. In chrome letters on the wall behind her: SQUIRREL HILL PRODUCTIONS.

Nina has been going through the mail; she has set several letters and a small package -- all unopened -- aside for Frank's inspection. Frank stands by the desk.

NINA
Those are my question marks for today. Take them away, my friend.

Frank takes the stack, walks across the reception area to another doorway and goes in.

KITCHEN

Frank closes the door of the small, suite kitchen behind him and places the mail next to the sink, which he begins filling with water. He takes a knife and opens the letters -- they're nothing. He picks up the package. It has been addressed in the normal way, except that Rachel's name has been cut out of a magazine and pasted above the address. Frank turns off the water in the sink. He begins carefully slicing away the string and wrapping. Inside is a cardboard box. Slowly, he lifts the top. The contents are still hidden by packing paper. He picks it away with his fingers. Suddenly there is a loud BUZZING from the box and MOVEMENT in the paper. Frank drops the box into the water in the sink. The MOVEMENT slows and stops. Frank extracts the item -- it is a wind-up, mechanical BEAVER with a hand-painted sign hung around its neck:

WE LOVE YOU, RACHEL!
YOUR FANS IN BEAVER, PA.
SALLY AND KATE

The beaver's teeth click again in Frank's hand.

There is an ear-splitting SCREAM from the direction of Rachel's office. Frank is gone.

RECEPTION AREA

Frank comes out of the kitchen in a blur. Nina is looking in the direction of Rachel's office. Guido is standing in front of Rachel's closed door, blocking it. Frank barely seems to notice him. Guido starts to go into an instinctive crouch.

RACHEL'S OFFICE

The door explodes inward. A huge mass flies across the room, bounces off a chest of drawers and lands on the floor. It is Guido.

Frank stops inside the doorway and looks toward the end of the office where the women are.

Rachel and Nicki have been interrupted in the middle of a screaming fight. Nicki is standing behind Rachel's desk, Rachel is in front of it. For a moment they are stunned by the sight of Guido and Frank. Then all the venom returns to Rachel and it is aimed at Frank.

RACHEL
(screaming at Frank)
Get out! Get out! My sister isn't going to kill me, you asshole!

EXT. GOLF COURSE, RIVIERA COUNTRY CLUB DAY

6:30 A.M. Mist rises from the lush green fairways. Quiet broken only by the singing of birds, the rustling of leaves by the breeze. In the distance, a golf party, four figures.

EDGE OF FAIRWAY

Two SMALL BOYS, ages 10 and 12, are looking through the shrubbery for lost golf balls. One carries a cloth bag.

A TEE

The golf party. Rachel has just teed off. A handsome man in his late forties steps up to place his ball. He is SENATOR NOLAN TODD.

Standing to the side, by one of the two golf carts, are Frank and CLYDE SHOTNER, fiftyish, solid. Clyde's hair is close-cropped and he wears an old, cheap suit, white shirt and skinny tie. Frank is dressed casually.

SENATOR
(looking at Rachel's drive)
Beautiful.

Rachel smiles. The Senator tees up.

RACHEL
Thank you so much, Senator.

SENATOR
You're calling me "Senator" to psyche me. I'm ashamed of you.

He hits his drive, watches, winces.

SENATOR
It's working.

DEEP ROUGH, WOODS BETWEEN FAIRWAYS

The Older Boy is in the high bushes. He stoops and picks up a ball, drops it in his bag. For a moment he just stands quietly, listening. There is RUSTLING through the foliage.

OLDER BOY
(in the direction of the sound)
Andy?

From the opposite direction, the Smaller Boy quietly appears. The Older Boy, a little surprised, glances off toward the sounds. The boys move off in another direction.

OLDER BOY
Find anything?

SMALLER BOY
(depressed)
Nah.

FAIRWAY

Frank and Clyde are trailing Rachel and the Senator in their cart, keeping a respectable distance. Frank continually peruses the surrounding area as they go. Clyde, driving the cart, is more interested in talking to Frank. They are old acquaintances.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

FRANK
How does he rate you?

CLYDE
The President ordered it. The Senator isn't very popular right now, you know.

FRANK
No. I don't know.

CLYDE
Don't you read the papers?

FRANK
No.

CLYDE
Frank, I think you're getting very strange as a civilian.

FRANK
Clyde, you <u>always</u> thought I was strange.

CLYDE
You were.

Rachel and the Senator have stopped at his ball. Clyde stops their cart. Frank looks around. They speak in hushed tones.

FRANK
And you're the lucky one who got him.

CLYDE
(grinning)
It's cake, I admit it. This guy lives pretty good.

FRANK
You're not worried?

CLYDE
Who knows? It's all amateurs. You can't tell with them.

Rachel lines up her approach shot and hits to the green.

As the carts roll toward the green, Frank notices something in the woods to the right.

(Cont.)

FRANK
I'm gonna take a look over here.
I'll meet you at the green.

He steps out of the moving cart and Clyde drives on.

EDGE OF FAIRWAY

Frank walks along the line of the woods that divide the fairways. For a moment his right hand disappears inside his jacket, then comes out, empty. Frank stops, then steps quickly into the woods.

WOODS

Frank steps into a small clearing. The two boys look up from their search, startled.

FRANK
Hi.

The Older Boy drops his bag of golf balls behind him.

OLDER BOY
Hi.

FRANK
How you doing?

OLDER BOY
We were just walking through, Mister. We weren't doing anything.
(Frank nods)
Don't take us in, please, Mister. We'll leave right now.

FRANK
You don't have to leave on my account.

OLDER BOY
You don't care?

FRANK
(shakes his head)
I'm just walking through myself.
(turns to go)
Keep your heads up. Lot of bad golfers coming by soon.

OLDER BOY
We will.

(Cont.)
Frank disappears in the high bushes. The two boys exchange smiles and continue their search.

THROUGH THE BUSHES, ANOTHER P.O.V. A HAND is holding a branch down so we can just see the boys through the foliage. The hand gently lets the branch up.

REVERSE ANGLE to REVEAL PORTMAN, dressed in khaki tones. He carries a canvas satchel. He turns away from the boys, looks out toward the fairway after Frank. Now he turns and looks at the fairway on the other side of the woods.

PORTMAN'S P.O.V., the fairway of the next hole. It runs parallel to the hole Rachel and the Senator are just finishing.

THE GREEN

The party is now on the same green we've seen earlier when Frank was caddying. In fact, the Senator is at this moment puzzling over a putt in almost the same position Rachel did at that time.

SENATOR
I don't know. It looks like I should hit it straight. What do you think?

RACHEL
(smiling)
Gee, Senator, I don't know. I tend to hit 'em the way they look.

He hits it straight and misses the cup by a good two feet. He looks up at Rachel.

RACHEL
(shakes her head)
I'll have to remember that.

THE NEXT TEE

Rachel and the Senator stop their cart and walk onto the tee. Clyde walks over to a water fountain for a drink. Frank sits against the cart.

FRANK'S P.O.V. as he looks around the course. As WE LOOK at all the trees and slopes and rises, we feel some of the impossibility of Frank's task.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)
Rachel tees up as the Senator admires her ass. She catches him and he looks away slowly.

SENATOR
This is my favorite time of day.

RACHEL
I love the mist. Reminds me of my place up north. You should see it.

SENATOR
I'd like to.

Rachel hits her drive. It hooks a little to the left.

RACHEL
Senator, you're a married man. Have some discretion.

WOODS

Portman is crouched over his satchel in the high bushes off the fairway. Inside the satchel are three hand grenades and a long-barrelled hunting pistol. There is LOUD MOVEMENT in the bushes nearby. It is the two boys.

SMALLER BOY (O.S.)
Wait up!

OLDER BOY (O.S.)
Come on! We haven't even looked down here.

Portman reaches into his clothing and comes out with a shiny knife with a 6-inch blade.

The Older Boy moves past the area where Portman is crouched.

The Smaller Boy comes through the bushes, eyes searching the ground. Finally he sees something and moves toward the thick bushes which conceal Portman. He reaches through the branches to a golf ball; can't reach it. He tries to push his way through, but is thrown back by the branches.

Portman waits quietly as the bush shakes, knife in hand.

The Smaller Boy reaches in at ground level, straining with all his might.

(Cont.)
Portman watches the boy's hand reach for the ball, only five inches from Portman's foot.

OLDER BOY
(an irritated, startling hiss)
Andy!

The hand lunges forward the last inch and reaches the ball, barely missing Portman's foot as it withdraws.

SMALLER BOY
I found one!

We HEAR him run away as Portman makes the knife disappear. He picks up a hand grenade.

FAIRWAY

The two golf carts are traveling down the fairway. Frank is driving the escort cart, which is slightly behind the other and closer to the woods, which now line the right side of the fairway.

WOODS, PORTMAN'S P.O.V.

The carts are pulling up even with his position, but far across the wide fairway. The Senator blocks Rachel from view.

FAIRWAY

Both carts stop. Rachel gets out and goes around back to select her club.

WOODS

Portman has a grenade in each hand. He watches as Rachel moves ahead of her cart to address the ball in clear view. He pulls the pin on one of the grenades and holds the release.

FAIRWAY

Frank is looking toward Rachel as she prepares to swing. Clyde looks off to the right.

CLYDE
Christ!

(Cont.)
Frank turns in time to see Clyde rise out of the cart and run forward, ahead of it. Frank hits the pedal of his cart and it jumps forward toward the other cart.

IN MID-AIR, lofting toward -- but short of -- Rachel's cart is a grenade, black against the sky.

FRANK
(yelling)
Get down!

Frank leaps off his moving cart as it slams into the side of the other cart and stops. Frank flies through the other cart, pulling the Senator over onto the ground. Immediately, Frank is up and grabbing Rachel; he drags her to the ground behind the two carts.

Clyde looks like a wide receiver as he dives for the grenade. It hits the ground short of the carts and bounces toward Rachel and the Senator. Clyde meets the grenade as it lands a second time. Clyde's body covers the grenade as it EXPLODES. The SOUND of Clyde's body absorbing the blast is sickening.

At once, Frank is up, gun in hand, aiming over the cart at the trees.

FRANK'S P.O.V. along the barrel of the gun. He scans the bushes quickly. MOVEMENT! Another grenade is in the air. Lofting high toward the carts.

Frank watches its flight and gauges that it will land beyond them on their unprotected side. He flips his body down and simply covers Rachel and the Senator from that direction with his own body.

The grenade lands ten feet beyond the cart and bounces once into a sandtrap. It EXPLODES, showering the area with sand and shrapnel.

When the shower of sand has subsided, Frank again gets up fast, aiming across the cart at the woods.

FRANK'S P.O.V. along the gun barrel as he scans the woods. MOVEMENT! Frank's gun picks up two figures breaking from the woods -- the two boys. Frank raises the gun and looks back in the direction of the grenades.

The SOUND of running FOOTSTEPS, a body breaking through foliage. Frank's gun points toward the sound as it moves rapidly through the woods. There is nothing to shoot at.

Frank scans the entire scene quickly, gun ready. He wants to give chase through the woods, but he does not leave the two people at his feet.

Rachel is whimpering, the Senator shaken. The Senator starts to get up on all fours. Frank pushes him down firmly. In the distance, a MOTORCYCLE ENGINE WHINES to life and ROARS away.

Clyde's torn body lies on the green fairway. Frank stares at it.

Rachel's hand, trembling, reaches out and touches Frank's leg.

ON SOUNDTRACK - AN UNSEEN PRESS CONFERENCE

Over the next scene we HEAR an UNSEEN PRESS CONFERENCE clearly described by its SOUNDS: In a crowded room, a hundred reporters and photographers are hard at work trying to get the details of the story from the SENATOR'S SPOKESMAN and, later, SY LIVERMAN, Rachel's press agent. During which, WE SEE:

INT. FLETCHER'S BEDROOM, MARRON MANSION NIGHT

Rachel and Fletcher, in his pajamas, are sitting on the floor close to each other playing Pick-Up Sticks. Fletcher shakes the can and dumps the pile of thin, colored plastic sticks on the floor. Carefully, his little hands try to pick them up, one at a time without moving the others.

Rachel watches. Pensive, protective. Fletcher makes a mistake and looks up at Rachel. She smiles at him, says something, and he continues picking them up with enormous concentration. Rachel puts her arm around his shoulder and squeezes him.

SENATOR'S SPOKESMAN (V.O.)
Yes -- Army surplus hand grenades. The F.B.I. has confirmed that.

REPORTERS (V.O.)
(many at once)
Gene! Gene! Where is he?

SENATOR'S SPOKESMAN (V.O.)
The Senator is in seclusion with his family and will meet with you next week.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

REPORTER (V.O.)
You told us that, Gene.

SENATOR'S SPOKESMAN (V.O.)
You can understand his desire to be with his family. Gentlemen, this is Sy Liverman, Miss Rachel Marron's press representative. He has a brief statement, but he can answer no questions.

At the UNSEEN PRESS CONFERENCE, the SOUNDS of adjustment, shuffling as Sy steps to the microphones.

SY (V.O.)
Miss Marron was, of course, shocked by the tragic attempt on the life of Senator Todd. Miss Marron has been a close personal friend of Senator and Mrs. Todd for many years. Miss Marron was unhurt in the attack. She has sent her condolences to the family of Clyde Shotner and made a contribution to the Shotner Family Relief Fund. She has co-operated fully with the proper government agencies in their investigation and she will make no further statements to the press. Thank you.

VARIOUS REPORTERS (V.O.)
Hey, c'mon, Sy! Why so bashful today? When will we see her?

EXT. DRIVEWAY, MARRON ESTATE DUSK

Frank has been talking to the uniformed Guard in the gate house and now begins walking up the drive toward the mansion. The grounds are quiet, beautiful.

Rachel, in a bright sweatsuit, comes jogging down the driveway toward him. When she reaches him and stops to talk, she keeps pumping her legs a little, even though it's clear she's only been running a minute. The bright suit softens her appearance; she looks lovely. Her manner too has altered; she is charming -- friendly and very girlish.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

RACHEL
Hey!

FRANK
Hey.

RACHEL
You're probably wondering what I'm doing.
(Frank nods)
You didn't know I jogged, did you?
(Frank shakes his head)
You'd probably rather I didn't jog, would you?
(Frank nods)
'Fraid I'll get picked off in my snazzy running suit?

FRANK
No. I'm afraid I'll have to jog with you.

Rachel smiles, still pumping.

RACHEL
So you're against it?
(Frank smiles)
Great. I guess I can't do it.

Rachel stops pumping, gasps for air, and for one moment, rests a hand on Frank's arm to support herself. She removes it quickly.

RACHEL
Will you walk with me a little?

Frank nods and they cut off across the grounds.

RACHEL
My voice teacher gave me this outfit. Thought it would help my wind. But I hate running. It hurts, you know?
(Frank knows)
So I just put on the suit every once in a while. I think it's helping.

Frank laughs.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

RACHEL
(hard for her)
I know this is real late, but I'm glad you're here.
(she looks at him)
I'm going to try to co-operate.

FRANK
That would be good.

RACHEL
It takes quite a bit to convince me. You don't really want to believe someone would kill you, you know?
(Frank nods)
Do you know? I sound like an idiot. God, I don't know how you can do this all the time.
(pause)
Although I do think they were after the Senator. Don't you?

FRANK
Could be.

RACHEL
(laughs)
You're not much for looking on the bright side.

FRANK
Doesn't pay in this line of work.

They walk in silence for a few moments.

RACHEL
Most of the men I meet are phone jockeys...

Frank looks at her, as if expecting more, but she appears lost in thought. They walk. When Rachel finally speaks, she sounds genuinely unsure of herself, nervous. It's very appealing. And if it's an act, she's a terrific actress.

RACHEL
Farmer... I have this problem. This minor little problem. You see, I'd like to go out for an evening. Just me and a guy. You know...
(makes a funny face)
... like a "date". But I can't go out on a date because you have to be with me every minute. I mean,

(Cont.)

RACHEL (cont.)
what if he asked me up to his place afterwards? Are you going to come too?
(a beat)
I always wondered what those Presidential daughters did about that.
(shrugs, a glance at him)
So the only thing I can figure is for you to take me out.
(pause)
So...that's what I was wondering... you know. What do you think? But only if you want to.

Frank is bemused.

RACHEL
Only if you want to... I'm not so bad...
(looks at him)
God, this is embarrassing. I'm gonna run up ahead there. You decide.

She runs up the hill to the pool area, which is now above them. He walks up after her.

POOL AREA

She is leaning against a chaise lounge, gasping for air as he reaches the patio.

RACHEL
(between gasps)
I'll wear a bag over my head if you want.

FRANK
That won't be necessary.

Rachel smiles at his acceptance, very pleased.

NICKI (O.S.)
Rachel!

Nicki is yelling from a window on the second floor of the mansion.

NICKI
Sandy Harris is on the phone!

(Cont.)

RACHEL
Tell her she'll have to wait, babe. I'm getting fixed up here.

AT THE WINDOW, CLOSE ON NICKI

She watches Frank and Rachel a long moment, her expression neutral. She turns away.

EXT. KOKUSAI THEATRE (CRENSHAW AVE.) NIGHT

Frank and Rachel exit with a small crowd. Rachel wears a scarf and tinted glasses and the combination goes a long way toward disguising her. They pause at one of the display windows. Inside is a poster for the movie, Yojimbo, a large picture of Toshiro Mifune looking scruffy and fierce.

RACHEL
Well he didn't look like he wanted to die to me.

FRANK
(laughs)
There's a big difference between wanting to die and having no fear of death.

They walk down the sidewalk.

RACHEL
And because he had no fear of death, he was invincible?

FRANK
No. No one is invincible.

RACHEL
But it helped?

FRANK
What do you think?

RACHEL
Well, he sure creamed them all at the end.

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT NIGHT

A small, dark joint. Frank and Rachel sit in a booth drinking Mexican beer. Rachel watches him intently.

FRANK
-- just out of law school. His qualifications were terrific. The Governor took him on as an aide -- glad to get him. And this kid got to know the Governor better than anyone... He'd get out a kleenex and two minutes later the old man would start to sneeze. The Governor would ask for a statement on something and the kid would have written it the night before...
(smiles)
Kid used to signal me in airports to aim toward a bathroom. He knew the guy had to go before he did. They were totally in touch... Remember, this is a bright kid. Could have done a lot of things.
(pause)
But he stopped being a bright kid and became an appendage. You'd have sworn they were sharing the same blood. Everything he'd been when he came to work...it all got buried. Only the Governor mattered.

A Waitress arrives and places plates laden with Mexican food before them. She leaves.

RACHEL
(oblivious to the food)
And...? What happened?

FRANK
Nothing dramatic. The Governor got defeated and retired to his farm. And the kid, well, all the juice just went out of him... He wasn't an opportunist, so he couldn't transfer all those skills to someone else. It was the Governor he believed in. He was just lost... He still is. I talk to him sometimes...
(pause, looks at her)
...He'd been living this other guy's life... He forgot who he was.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)
Rachel just watches Frank as he turns his attention to his food. After a moment, a BEARDED YOUNG FAN walks up to their table. Frank looks at him.

FAN
Are you Rachel Marron?

RACHEL
Yes, I am.

FAN
Nooo. You're not her.

RACHEL
You're right. I'm not.

FAN
Are you really her?

Rachel nods.

FAN
Nah. What would she be doing here? Slumming?

FRANK
What did you want?

FAN
(intimidated)
Nothing, nothing. Sorry.
(about to leave; to Rachel)
Everybody tells you you look like her, right?
(Rachel nods)
But you're not her.

RACHEL
No, but I wish I were.

FAN
Right! Bye.

He walks away. Rachel shakes her head.

RACHEL
Slumming. Right!

She digs into her food. Frank watches her, thoughtful.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE NIGHT

Frank's car is parked in the driveway. A light goes on in a basement window.

INT. BASEMENT, FRANK'S HOUSE

Frank hangs back, drink in hand, as Rachel explores the basement. Frank has fitted it out as a combination gym/target range/weapons workshop. On some messy shelves, a random selection of football and karate trophies, framed citations and other memorabilia. Rachel looks through it, pulling out a dusty photograph of a football team.

RACHEL
(reading)
West Virginia University Football, 1957. God, look at you.

She looks at Frank, quizzically.

RACHEL
What'd you play?

FRANK
End.

RACHEL
Were you tough?

FRANK
No. Fast.

Rachel puts down her drink and lifts another frame out of the pile. Mounted on blue velvet is an insignia, a medal, and a P.T. Boat pin. Rachel looks at it, then up at Frank, thoughtful.

RACHEL
You're some kind of a Secret Service hero. What made you get out?

Frank moves away and sits on a sofa against the wall.

FRANK
Money.

Rachel looks around at Frank's modest home.

RACHEL
I can see your tastes are extravagant.

She looks at a samurai sword that is mounted in its scabbard on the wall. She reaches out to touch it, then looks at Frank.

RACHEL
May I?

Frank nods. Rachel takes it off its mount carefully, unhooks the scabbard and begins to slide it off.

FRANK
Watch yourself.

Rachel slides the scabbard off. The naked blade is breathtaking. Rachel holds the sword out before her. She walks toward Frank, then stops and looks over the blade at him.

RACHEL
You're a hard one to figure, Frank Farmer.

He stares at her. She steps closer, so the blade is only about a foot from his face. She looks at him a long time.

RACHEL
It seems to me that a bodyguard must know little peace.

Frank stands up so that the point of the sword is only about an inch from his chest. He reaches out over the blade to Rachel's neck and unties the silk scarf she is wearing there. One hand draws the scarf away. The other hand lingers for a moment on her neck, then lifts away.

FRANK
Watch this.

He has raised the scarf over his head, in the space between them. With two hands he spreads it out and then lets it go. Slowly, billowing, the scarf floats down over the blade and is cut in two. These two pieces float slowly to the floor.

Frank takes Rachel's wrist and moves the sword away to the side. They are both holding it as Rachel presses her body against Frank's and they begin to kiss.

BEDROOM, FRANK'S HOUSE

They have made love and now lie nude under a sheet.

RACHEL
I've never been this safe before.

Frank smiles.

RACHEL
No one could get by you.

FRANK
Right now it might not be so hard.

Rachel rolls on top of him.

RACHEL
Never. You're strong. I can feel it.

FRANK
That's not what you're feeling.

Rachel laughs, kisses him.

FRANK
If someone's willing to swap his life for a kill, nothing can stop him.

RACHEL
That's comforting. What do I need you for?

FRANK
He might get me instead.

RACHEL
And you're ready to die for me?

FRANK
That's the job.

RACHEL
You'd do that for $1,000 a week? Doesn't make sense. If I were making a grand a week -- or ten grand a week, it wouldn't be worth it. At the crucial moment I'd cop out.

FRANK
That happens.

RACHEL
But not with you, Fierce Frank?

FRANK
It happens.

EXT. BURBANK STUDIOS DAY

Rachel and Frank are walking between buildings toward a parking lot. Coming the other way is BRIAN ABBOTT, a tall, good-looking producer, around 40. He greets Rachel warmly, embracing her and bestowing a serious kiss. When he releases her, Rachel is flushed, a touch flustered as she turns to introduce Frank. Frank is very aware of this, records it.

RACHEL
Brian, I'd like you to meet Frank Farmer. Brian Abbott.

The men shake hands. Abbott is very friendly.

BRIAN
How do you do.

FRANK
Nice meeting you.

BRIAN
Are you in the business?

Frank shakes his head.

BRIAN
You're lucky.
(to Rachel)
I thought I'd see you at Bob's the other night.

RACHEL
No. I don't go out anymore.

Abbott smiles at them, figuring their relationship.

BRIAN
What brings you to the lot?

RACHEL
I had to see Burt. They don't want to buy me that script Max Friday's got.

BRIAN
That's stupid. I'll talk to him.
(to include Frank)
How about lunch? I'm meeting Sheila.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

RACHEL
Thanks, Brian, but no.

BRIAN
(accepting this)
Another time.
(offering his hand)
Frank, I hope I'll see you again soon.

Frank nods, shakes his hand. Brian kisses Rachel on the cheek.

BRIAN
We're screening Hot and Cold Friday night. Maybe you two would like to come. I'm sure Frank would be amused by your industry friends. Don't decide now. Just come if you want.

He hurries off. Rachel and Frank continue toward the parking lot. Rachel steals a glance at him.

RACHEL
What's the matter?

FRANK
Not a thing.

INT. LOWER HALL MARRON MANSION LATE AT NIGHT

Frank comes down the hall, finishing his final check. The house is silent. Frank goes into his room.

FRANK'S ROOM

Rachel is sitting on Frank's bed; she wears a terry cloth robe.

FRANK
What can I do for you?

RACHEL
(laughs)
That should be obvious.

FRANK
Sorry.

RACHEL
What's the matter, got a headache?

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)
Frank shakes his head "no," takes off his jacket. Rachel tries to maintain her light tone.

RACHEL
Why not?

FRANK
It isn't included in my fee.

RACHEL
It's extra?

FRANK
It's no longer offered.

RACHEL
(seductive)
Do you want me to beg?

FRANK
No. I want you to do without.

Rachel's smile disappears.

RACHEL
What have I done wrong?

FRANK
You? Nothing.

RACHEL
Then what is it?

FRANK
Look, do we really need...this?

RACHEL
Yes. I'm afraid we do. I'm not used to being dumped on.

FRANK
Is that what's happening?

RACHEL
You tell me.

FRANK
I want to keep it straight in my head what job I'm doing.

Rachel thinks about this a moment.

RACHEL
Oh.

(Cont.1)
She gets up and goes to him.

RACHEL
What was that at your house? Was that meaningless?

Frank looks at her, surprised.

FRANK
You're just an old-fashioned girl, aren't you?

Rachel is stung, she steps away.

FRANK
I'm sorry.

RACHEL
Don't apologize. For godssake, don't apologize. I'm a big girl.

FRANK
That's what I thought.

RACHEL
I take it you no longer find me desirable.

FRANK
Christ. I've told you why.

RACHEL
I don't believe it.

Frank shrugs, moves away.

RACHEL
And I don't like it.

FRANK
You've been getting your way for a long time. It's nice. You earned it. There's no reason you should take any crap from me. But this is the way it's going to be.

RACHEL
And that's it for me?

FRANK
Yeah. You can live with it or you can fire me.

RACHEL
But I can't fuck you.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.2)
Frank looks at her.

RACHEL
I don't believe this.
(beat)
I'm asking you?
(beat)
Let me tell you --

She stops suddenly, turns and leaves the room.

EXT. GRAND PLAZA HOTEL MIAMI BEACH DAY
(HELICOPTER SHOT)

We come streaking in over the ocean toward the towering, white Grand Plaza. There is a tiny figure on a balcony on the top floor.

BALCONY PRESIDENTIAL SUITE

Frank looks up and over the edge, around a corner, hangs out over the railing. Looking. He turns and steps inside.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE DAY

Frank walks quickly across the living room of the lavish suite. THURINGER, the hotel Security Chief, in uniform, is waiting near the entrance hall. Frank nods to him.

FRANK
Okay. Let's go.

HALLWAY 20TH FLOOR

This is a semi-private corridor; there is only one other suite accessible from it. Frank looks at the door of that suite, then to Thuringer.

THURINGER
The Katzes of St. Louis. Very prominent. Come every year. An elderly couple and three grandchildren. A nurse and a maid.

The guest elevator opens and twelve-year-old MARK KATZ, in a bathing suit, gets out and heads toward the Katz suite.

THURINGER
Hi, Mark. I want you to meet Mr. Farmer. Mark Katz.

MARK
Hi.

(Cont.)

FRANK
Nice meeting you.

Mark goes into the Katz suite. Frank and Thuringer walk to the end of the hall. There is a service elevator and a stairway exit door. Frank opens the stairway door and goes inside. Thuringer follows.

VERY QUICKLY, WE SEE:

STAIRWAY

The door closes behind the two men. Frank tries it; it is locked.

NEXT FLOOR DOORWAY

Frank tries the door, it is locked. Thuringer pulls out a loaded key ring from his belt and opens the door.

HALLWAY 19TH FLOOR

Thuringer indicates the first three rooms on the right.

THURINGER
These three are empty, as you asked.

SERVICE ELEVATOR

Frank hits the bottom button. It moves downward.

BASEMENT

The doors open to reveal the ugly Service Area of the hotel. Frank and Thuringer step out.

SERVICE CORRIDOR

The two men walk down the hall. Frank stops occasionally to look in a doorway. Hotel workers and delivery men move about. It's noisy.

KITCHEN

Frank and Thuringer walk into and along the edge of the busy kitchen.

STAIRWAY

Frank and Thuringer go up a short stairway and through a door.

BACKSTAGE AREA GRAND CENTRAL ROOM

The two men walk down a hallway in the deserted backstage of the main showroom of the hotel. There are dressing rooms on each side.

STAR DRESSING ROOM

Thuringer stands at the door of what will be Rachel's dressing room. Frank steps inside.

FRANK
I want to keep her out of here as much as I can.

Thuringer nods. Frank goes out the door.

OFFSTAGE AREA

Frank walks ahead of Thuringer. He looks around and pauses at the edge of the stage. Then he steps out on stage.

ON STAGE

FRANK'S P.O.V. as he looks out at the mammoth room.

Frank stands center stage and looks around. The nakedness of this spot gets to him. He shakes his head and looks at Thuringer. Thuringer smiles.

FRANK
What a silly job this is.

INT. LOWER LOBBY GRAND PLAZA HOTEL DAY

Rachel walks swiftly toward the door which leads to the Pool Area, accompanied closely by Frank and BEN SCHILLER, the tough, fat fellow who owns the place.

FRANK
Is this really necessary?

RACHEL
Yes.
(reaching the door)
Quit bitching, Farmer. This is the part you do get paid for.

Rachel sweeps out the door.

EXT. POOL AREA DAY

The place is crowded with hundreds of guests basking on chaise lounges. The sight of the crowd seems to push Rachel to a whole new adrenalin level; she's fast and funny, really flying.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)
Rachel walks along, evaluating the bodies displayed before her in words and expressions. A tall, good-looking Lifeguard is in her path. Rachel stops before him and eyes him appreciatively. The Lifeguard is distracted by the presence of his boss, Schiller, and doesn't notice Rachel.

RACHEL
(to Lifeguard)
Where you looking? Look here! A big star is standing right under your precious goy nose.

This gets the attention not only of the Lifeguard, but of everyone else within fifty feet. There is a murmur of recognition.

RACHEL
(to Lifeguard)
You look very intelligent to me. Come to my party tonight after the show.
(to Schiller)
Ben, make sure this boy gets to my party.

Schiller nods. Rachel glances at Frank, then sees something new.

RACHEL
Oh my God. Look what they're wearing. Mother, hide your eyes.

Rachel heads toward a girl on a chaise lounge. She is wearing a string bikini, large sunglasses and a floppy hat. All the guests throughout the pool area are now aware that Rachel Marron is among them. People are standing on their lounges or moving toward her.

RACHEL
(approaching the girl)
I can't wear that suit. Who can wear that? Honey, you're naked. Of course, if I had a body like that...

The girl lowers her shades and looks at Rachel. It is Lisa Arnett, the blonde from Portman's apartment.

LISA
Hello, Rachel.

RACHEL
(after a moment, recognizes her)
Why it's none other than Lisa Arnett. How could I fail to recognize you lying on your back?

(Cont.1)
Lisa giggles.

RACHEL
You're the last person I'd expect to see here in Haddassah Heaven.

SCHILLER
Rachel.

LISA
I get around.

RACHEL
I know, I know. Well, come to my party tonight. You're not alone I'm sure.

LISA
No.

RACHEL
Is he built like you?
(moving off)
No matter. Bring him.

Rachel now has the complete attention of the pool crowd. A few people edge close, but Rachel dances through them lightly, patting an elderly cheek here and there. Rachel jumps onto the low diving board and runs to the end. She bounces her fully-clothed body high on the board and then does a comic, exaggerated balancing act to keep from falling in the water. The crowd is eating it up.

RACHEL
(addressing them)
This is it, ladies and gents. Your one free peek. If you want to see more of your favorite Jewish-Italian movie star recording artist, Mr. Ben Schiller --
(she points at him)
-- your gracious and greedy host, is going to hit you up for fifty dollars a head. But, remember, that includes one drink!

The crowd laughs.

RACHEL
But I'm worth it, right?
(more crowd laughter)
I don't hear them, Benny.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.2)

RACHEL (Cont.)
(as though to herself)
So who's really worth fifty bucks a head?

Rachel prances off the diving board and, with Frank and Ben escorting, makes her way into the hotel.

LISA'S CHAISE LOUNGE

Lisa looks off in the direction of Rachel's exit, then lays back on the lounge. Portman sits down on the edge of her lounge. Lisa rests her hand on his thigh. Portman looks off after Rachel.

LISA
(excited)
Did you see who I was talking to?

PORTMAN
I saw.

LISA
(bragging)
You didn't know I knew Rachel Marron, did you?

PORTMAN
No.

LISA
Yeah. She invited us to a party tonight. Do you want to go?

Portman nods.

INT. ON STAGE THE GRAND CENTRAL ROOM NIGHT

In the spotlight, all alone, Rachel Marron works her magic. She sings, as it was meant to be sung, "I Have Nothing."

CORNER RIGHT FRONT OF STAGE

One person does not look at Rachel. He stands easily in the shadows. His eyes continually scanning. Picking up every movement. All alone. Watching.

INT. BATHROOM PRESIDENTIAL SUITE NIGHT

The ROAR of a shower. Rachel's head. The water beats down on her face and hair. She lets the tensions wash away with the hard spray. She reaches into the corner of the over-sized shower stall for a half-finished drink. She steps out of the spray long enough to bring it to her lips.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)
The Lifeguard is sitting on the closed toilet, his hair wet. He takes a toke from a large joint. Rachel looks out of the shower at him. She motions him out.

RACHEL
Go.

MASTER BEDROOM

We HEAR the muffled sound of MUSIC AND CONVERSATION. The Lifeguard pulls on jeans and a tee-shirt and steps into sandals. He takes a last pull on the joint, throws the wet towel in a corner, and opens the bedroom door. The SOUNDS of the party flood in.

RAISED HALLWAY (RACHEL'S)

The Lifeguard walks toward the living room, where he can be seen by all. Guido, drink in hand, is leaning against the wall at the living room end of the hall. The Lifeguard brushes past him and descends into the party.

LIVING ROOM

The room is filling. A black Pianist is playing. Two bars, one at each end of the room. A mixed bag of experienced partygoers. An expectant crowd. Up.

HALLWAY OUTSIDE SUITE

Thuringer has set up a check-point through which all the guests are passing. As they get off the elevator, they walk up to a desk manned by one of Thuringer's Uniformed Guards. When their name has been checked against a master list, they walk past another Guard wielding a metal detector. No one likes it, but they all do it. Lisa Arnett and Portman are just coming through.

At the other end of the hallway, two Katz Grandchildren, Mark and his younger sister, are watching wide-eyed.

LIVING ROOM

Lisa and Portman come through the door. A Man approaches Lisa and embraces her intimately. She turns to introduce Portman, but he is gone. Lisa flirts with the Man.

Portman makes his way slowly through the crowd to the bar. His eyes scan the suite.

PORTMAN'S P.O.V. The two raised hallways that lead away from the living room in opposite directions. Pause to take in Guido, still at the entrance to Rachel's hallway. The balcony door. The crowd.

(Cont.)

Portman gets a drink at the bar and turns to scan the room. He finds himself face-to-face with Frank.

FRANK
Portman.

PORTMAN
Hello, Farmer.

FARMER
It's been a while. You on the job?

PORTMAN
No. I'm out of work. And enjoying every minute.

FARMER
Given it up?

PORTMAN
No. Just resting. There aren't many things I can do that pay that kind of money.

FARMER
Just a few.

Portman smiles, looks away.

PORTMAN
About a year ago I got a call. An Italian. He said you'd recommended me.
(Frank nods)
I appreciate it. I had to turn it down. But I appreciate it.

FARMER
You here alone?

Portman shrugs. Frank studies him, then moves away. Portman nods goodbye. Applause begins, grows. Portman looks over at Rachel's hallway.

RAISED HALLWAY

Rachel has made her entrance and is posing, self-mocking, above the crowd, accepting the applause. She is wearing a caftan and has succeeded in underdressing everyone in the room. And she looks terrific. She's a star.

RACHEL
Thank you. Thank you. You're so right.

(Cont.)

RACHEL (Cont.)
(the crowd laughs)
I want everyone to have a good time and drink as much of Ben Schiller's liquor as you like.

Rachel descends into the crowd, laughing.

CORNER

Frank is leaning against the wall, watching. Devaney walks up, a BEAUTIFUL GIRL on his arm.

DEVANEY
Well, what do you think?

Frank is non-committal.

DEVANEY
I think it's a good crowd and there's nothing to worry about. But tonight, that's your problem. I'm gonna get it on for the first time in six months.

DISSOLVE TO:

LIVING ROOM — LATER

The crowd has thinned. What's left are the hardcore: heavy drinkers, swingers and dopers. The atmosphere has changed. It is less of a party, more of a quest. Everyone that's left wants something out of the evening.

RAISED HALLWAY (OPPOSITE RACHEL'S)

The door to the bedroom on one side of the hall opens and Devaney comes out. He has been snorting coke. Beyond him are many people. The air is thick with smoke. Bodies sprawl.

VOICE
Close the door.

Devaney goes across the hall and opens the door to the other bedroom. It is darker in there. Enough light to pick up a few bodies. Writhing. Devaney goes back to the first room, reaches inside and pulls out the Beautiful Girl. She is spaced, but resistant. Devaney pulls her across the hall toward the other bedroom.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL
No, Devaney. No.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)
She has almost stopped their movement across the hall when someone in the room she has just left closes the door behind her. She looks at the closed door hopelessly. She lets Devaney pull her into the darker room. The door closes.

LIVING ROOM

Frank, near the bar, has taken all this in. He takes a drink from his glass. He turns toward Rachel's hallway.

RACHEL'S HALLWAY FRANK'S P.O.V.

Rachel and Portman are standing on the stairs; heads together, they whisper intimately. Rachel laughs, then, for one brief moment, turns her head to look directly at Frank. Her look is petulant, defiant. Portman does not see this. Rachel takes Portman's hand and leads him down the hall and into her bedroom.

LIVING ROOM

Frank motions the bartender for a refill. The bartender fills Frank's glass with straight orange juice. A stunning WOMAN IN GREEN glides down the bar and stands very close to Frank.

WOMAN IN GREEN
I've been watching you all night from across the room.

FRANK
Why don't you go back there and keep watching?

RACHEL'S BEDROOM

Rachel is removing Portman's shirt. She kisses his chest. They are alone in the room.

LIVING ROOM

A large Bald-Headed Man in the corner suddenly begins shouting obscenities at the girl with him.

Frank motions to the two uniformed Guards who have appeared at the entrance to the suite.

The two Guards approach the Bald-Headed Man and try to talk to him. The Bald-Headed Man turns and lands a solid right to one Guard's nose. The Guard goes down. The other Guard attempts to grab the Bald-Headed Man from behind. The Bald-Headed Man sends the Guard flying across a sofa.

Frank appears and hits the Bald-Headed Man once in the chest with his forearm. We can hear the blow rattle through the man's body.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)
The Bald-Headed Man flies flat against the wall behind him, a blank expression on his face. He begins to slide down the wall, but Frank catches him.

HALLWAY ELEVATOR

Frank steps back out of the elevator. The Bald-Headed Man is on the floor in the corner of the elevator. A uniformed Guard pushes a button and the doors close. Frank heads back into the suite.

RACHEL'S BEDROOM

Rachel and Portman are making love. Portman's strong hands caress Rachel's shoulders and neck.

LIVING ROOM

Frank looks at Rachel's doorway, thinking. After a moment, he walks across the room to the sliding doors that lead to the balcony outside.

EXT. BALCONY NIGHT

Frank steps outside. No one there. The moonlight reflects brightly off the ocean. The SURF SOUNDS a steady beat. It is peaceful and quiet. A relief.

Frank looks out at the ocean, then glances off to his left. On the Katz's balcony, forty feet away, little Mark is leaning against the railing, staring at Rachel's suite. Frank smiles at him.

FRANK
(softly)
Go to sleep.

Frank looks out at the ocean. After a pause, in the B.G., Mark slips inside the Katz suite.

INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM

Rachel and Portman entwined. Portman is on top, his face not visible to Rachel. She pants and nears her own release. Beads of sweat are on Portman's forehead, but there is a cool detachment in his eyes. Portman's hands snake up over Rachel's shoulders. Rachel moans. She murmurs demands.

Portman's face and hands. His fingers creep up around Rachel's neck. Firmly they knead her flesh.

RACHEL
Yes!

(Cont.)
Portman sets himself. Two urges mesh perfectly. The passic
is the same. He is about to kill her.

The walk-in closet door opens and a HALF-DRESSED COUPLE steps out. They look at the scene on the bed.

HALF-DRESSED MAN
Far out. May we join you?

The Half-Dressed Woman giggles and they move toward the bed.

Portman's fingers relax on Rachel's neck.

Rachel, coming down, smiles at the Couple as they climb onto the bed.

EXT. BALCONY NIGHT

Frank stares out at the ocean. Totally divorced from everything in the suite behind him, in the world around him. There is only the moon and the ocean. For this one moment, his guard is down.

INT. KITCHEN PRESIDENTIAL SUITE DAY

It is noon of the following day. Frank is sitting at the kitchen table eating a sandwich. A Cuban Maid has set a place across the table from him with breakfast. The Maid places some orange juice and leaves the kitchen.

Rachel walks in. She looks terrible. She is wearing sunglasses and a loose smock. She sits down at the table as though the walk in had been a terrible effort. She looks at the breakfast with distaste and picks up the coffee. Frank continues to eat. Rachel looks at him.

RACHEL
(nasty)
What the hell are you looking at?
(pause)
You probably never had a heavy night in your whole, goddamn disciplined life.

Frank looks at her, continues to eat.

RACHEL
You know, Farmer, you're a self-righteous son-of-a-bitch.

Frank has to smile at this. Which makes Rachel even angrier.

RACHEL
Don't laugh at me, goddamit!
And don't you dare judge me.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

FRANK
Give me a break, will ya? I didn't tell you to fuck everybody in the hotel.

RACHEL
(with heat)
What difference does it make to you? Do you care?

FRANK
I'm not your rabbi, lady.

RACHEL
No? You sure act like some kind of holy man.

Frank picks up his dishes, walks to the sink.

RACHEL
You know... I'm getting very tired of having you around.

FRANK
I'm easy to get rid of.

Frank finishes drinking his glass of orange juice. Suddenly the fight goes out of Rachel. She looks out the window, away from Frank.

RACHEL
(finally)
I don't know why I come to Miami.
(softer)
I have no self-control.

INT. KITCHEN BASEMENT GRAND PLAZA NIGHT

Frank, Guido and Thuringer convey Rachel through the noisy kitchen. Rachel is dressed in an elaborate gown, made up and carefully coifed. Kitchen workers stop what they're doing and look at her.

STAIRWAY

The four go up the short stairway to the backstage area.

BACKSTAGE AREA

A Uniformed Guard is posted outside the Star Dressing Room. Rachel and Guido go into the room. Thuringer moves off as Frank walks through the wings to the edge of the stage,

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)
looking up, down, and around. The SOUND of a full-house AUDIENCE is HEARD. Frank comes back to the Star Dressing Room as the orchestra PLAYS a FANFARE.

ANNOUNCER
(disembodied, dramatic)
Ladies and Gentlemen...
Miss Rachel Marron!

Frank, Rachel and Guido come out of the Star Dressing Room. Rachel is in her own private world, like a great athlete before the game. The two men lead her to the wings and they all stop.

Rachel takes a breath. Then she flies out. The MUSIC jumps. The APPLAUSE is deafening.

EXT. BALCONY PRESIDENTIAL SUITE DAY

The afternoon sun beats down on Rachel, who lies on a chaise lounge in a bikini. Guido sits with a beer, his shirt off. At the other end of the balcony, in the shade, Frank sits reading from a thin book of poetry.

Devaney walks out on the balcony carrying a stack of mail. He unobtrusively drops one of the letters into Frank's lap. It's pasted-up look is familiar. Devaney moves away toward Rachel.

DEVANEY
I have some very good news for you, Ms. Marron.

RACHEL
You got me paroled.

DEVANEY
No.

RACHEL
(indicating Frank)
Do you know what he's reading over there? Poetry!

Frank has opened the death threat and is unfolding the letter inside. It begins --

MARRON BITCH - YOU HAVE EVERYTHING.
I HAVE NOTHING. YOU CAN NOT HIDE
FROM ME IN MIAMI. I WILL KILL YOU --

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

DEVANEY
Burt Friedman bought the script for you. It cost him five hundred thousand dollars.

RACHEL
Okay. It's about time.

DEVANEY
And you'll love this. Max Friday took his ten percent and immediately announced his retirement to La Jolla.

RACHEL
Mazel tov. I hope he chokes on an oyster.

Devaney sits next to Rachel and massages her neck muscles. He and Frank look at each other across the balcony.

DEVANEY
Are you happy?

RACHEL
I'm going crazy cooped up with these dead-beats. No offense, Guido.

DEVANEY
Three more days.

RACHEL
I can't take it another three minutes.

INT. GRAND PLAZA NIGHT

20TH FLOOR HALLWAY (OUTSIDE PRESIDENTIAL SUITE)

The elevator door opens and Frank steps out. He walks toward the entrance to the suite and is immediately alarmed by what he sees: there is no uniformed guard by the front door. He unlocks the door and goes inside.

PRESIDENTIAL SUITE ENTRANCE

Frank comes in and looks around quickly.

LIVING ROOM

FRANK'S P.O.V., looking over living room, hallways, balcony. No one in sight. Nothing disturbed.

RACHEL'S HALLWAY

Frank walks swiftly to Rachel's bedroom, throws open the door, goes inside. No one.

OPPOSITE HALLWAY

As Frank comes out of Rachel's bedroom, Devaney comes out of one of the other bedrooms, a panicked look on his face. They face each other across the gulf of the living room.

FRANK
Where is she?

DEVANEY
I don't know. I thought you'd be with her.

LIVING ROOM

Frank is at the telephone; he punches out three numbers.

FRANK
(into phone)
Thuringer, this is Farmer. Where's your man on the door to the suite?
(listens)
Well get someone up here.

Frank hangs up the phone, looks at Devaney.

FRANK
He doesn't know.

They look at each other, worried. Frank walks out onto the balcony, looks round and down, comes back in. He heads for the front door.

DEVANEY
Where you going?

ENTRANCE HALL

Frank is almost at the door. We HEAR LAUGHTER. A key turns in the lock. Rachel and Guido come through the door in high spirits, their arms full of shopping bags and packages.

Frank stops dead and watches. Rachel glances at him and goes into the living room. Guido looks at him meaningfully and follows. Frank reflects for a moment, then pulls the front door closed, oh so gently.

LIVING ROOM

Rachel drops packages around and goes to the bar, pours herself a drink. Guido takes some packages to Rachel's bedroom.

RACHEL
Hello, Devaney.

DEVANEY
Rachel, where the hell you been?

RACHEL
Guido and I went over to Bal Harbour. Did a little shopping.

Guido comes back, a smile playing across his lips. Frank watches from near the entrance.

DEVANEY
We were worried.
(looks at Frank, talks to Rachel)
You know you're not supposed to do that.

Frank and Rachel look at each other a long time. Frank's look is more intimidating and Rachel finally looks away, takes a drink.

DEVANEY
(conciliatory)
Okay. It was a mistake. Let's let it go and from now on...

FRANK
(to Rachel)
One more time, and I'm gone.

RACHEL
(screaming)
Farmer, you work here! Do you understand that? You work for me!

DEVANEY
Rachel.

RACHEL
I've had it with this guy.

Frank looks at her. He does not like what she's doing to him, the feelings she arouses in him.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

DEVANEY
Shut up, Rachel. You realize you've got a show in less than an hour?

Frank turns and heads for the door. Devaney looks at him anxiously.

DEVANEY
Farmer, where you going?

FRANK
I'm gonna check the route. As usual.

Devaney looks at him pleadingly.

FRANK
I'll be back.

He opens the front door. A Uniformed Guard is standing outside. Frank goes out and closes the door.

RACHEL
Did Fletcher call?

Devaney, staring after Frank, shakes his head "no."

SERVICE ELEVATOR

Frank's face shows the tension and the anger. The elevator descends.

BASEMENT SERVICE CORRIDOR

Frank walks along checking the corridor. At each doorway, he stops, looks inside.

One room is dark. He flicks on the light. Near the door is a pile of wooden crates, placed unnaturally out from the wall. Frank walks over and looks inside. They are discarded vegetable crates. Frank goes back to the door and yells toward the kitchen.

FRANK
Gomez! Louis Gomez!

He waits impatiently. No one comes. Two quick steps and he is back at the crates, throwing them violently into the corner where they CLATTER loudly to the floor.

KITCHEN

Frank walks along the edge of the kitchen, looks over the workers. A Kitchen Worker is in Frank's path. He looks up, sees Frank's face and scurries out of his way.

STAIRWAY

Frank comes through the door from the kitchen and is about to take the short stairway to the backstage area. He stops, noticing something around the side, under the stairs. He investigates.

An ENORMOUS BLACK MAN is sitting on some boxes under the stairs. He doesn't bat an eye when he sees Frank.

FRANK
What are you doing?

ENORMOUS BLACK MAN
I don't see that's any of your fuckin' business.

FRANK
Move it.

The Enormous Black Man gets slowly up from the boxes. He towers over Frank.

ENORMOUS BLACK MAN
Shove it up your ass, motherfucker.

Frank has had enough for one afternoon. He hits the Black Man low and hard. The man crumples forward, hurt, but manages to enfold Frank in an awesome bear hug. His weight carries them backward in Frank's direction.

The Black Man continues moving in that direction, but Frank is no longer in his grasp. Instead, incredibly, Frank seems to have passed through the man's body and flicked him into the corner of the stairwell.

The Black Man hits the wall hard. Jarred but not lost, he comes up and out wielding a long mop as if it were a basebal bat.

Frank steps in and under the man's long arms and hits him four times around the chest and jaw. Each of Frank's hands lands twice, but their movement is barely visible. The solid thudding tells the story.

The Black Man goes down. Frank, his expression fierce, is upon him immediately. Frank's arms entwine the Black Man's and he begins to lift him roughly. The door at the top of the steps opens and a woman screams.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

CLEANING WOMAN'S VOICE
Stop! Please. Don't hurt him.
Please stop!

Frank looks up to the top of the steps. A hotel CLEANING WOMAN, carrying her purse, is coming down the steps, tears already on her face.

CLEANING WOMAN
Don't hurt my husband, mister.
He ain't up to nothing.

Frank lets the Black Man down gently and stands up. Disgusted with himself. Breathing hard, he leans back against the wall. The Cleaning Woman falls to her knees and hugs her husband protectively.

FRANK
I'm sorry.

PRESIDENTIAL SUITE LIVING ROOM

Frank comes in the front door. Devaney, who has been sittin alone in the living room, stubs out a cigarette and stands to meet him.

FRANK
I'm through. I'll get you back to L.A. and that's it.

DEVANEY
She got another call, while you were downstairs. She thought it was Fletcher and she answered it herself. Same guy.

FRANK
(moving toward balcony)
I don't care.

DEVANEY
Farmer, it really shook her up. I think she'll be reasonable now.

FRANK
Bullshit.

DEVANEY
He was really vicious. I've never seen Rachel like this.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

FRANK
Save it, Devaney. The people who hire me don't have to be convinced to save their own lives.

Frank reaches the sliding door that leads to the balcony.

FRANK
Call me when she's ready to go down.

DEVANEY
Farmer --

Frank goes out on the balcony and slides the door closed behind him.

EXT. BALCONY NIGHT

Frank looks out at the ocean. The breeze washes over his face. A huge brightly-lit yacht is sailing by, close to shore. Frank looks at it reflectively.

He senses another presence and looks to his right. Rachel sits huddled in a balcony chair outside her bedroom, six feet away. The bright moonlight illuminates her as she looks out to sea. She is wearing one of her spectacular show gowns, her hair has been brushed, and her stage make-up has been applied. But tonight it hasn't come together. It doesn't work. She is smoking a cigarette and the breeze keeps it glowing.

RACHEL
Farmer...Nothing that's happened between us matters... I'm coming around now. You're going to have to believe me, because I'm not going to beg.

She takes a long drag on her cigarette.

RACHEL
It wasn't what he said. That was the same. The same kind of thing... When I reached for that phone, I thought I was going to pick it up and hear my son's voice --

Her voice cracks. She stops and tries to compose herself.

RACHEL
I'm afraid...I need you.
(a beat)
I'm afraid.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)
Frank looks at her. Tears are destroying her elaborate stage make-up. She wipes them away with her hand, embarrassed.

FRANK
I can't protect you like this. It's impossible. The odds are all on his side.

RACHEL
I'll do whatever you say.

This is the first time Frank has ever heard Rachel say that. He studies her, then looks out at the ocean.

FRANK
I talked to the guys from the Bureau yesterday. They think they may be getting close to this guy.

RACHEL
I'll believe it when it happens.

FRANK
I'd want to put you on ice for a while. Somewhere people don't know about.

RACHEL
I have a place like that. Outside San Francisco.

FRANK
You'll have to cancel your dates.
(looks at her)
Give Guido a vacation.

Rachel nods, agreeing. Frank looks at her, reading her face for any hesitation. He shakes his head, smiles at himself, giving in.

FRANK
If you cross me up this time, I'll kill you myself.

Rachel smiles. Happy and relieved.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARRON MANSION (FRONT) DAY

Frank, Henry and Robert are loading a Volkswagen van with luggage and household goods. Emma appears at the front door.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

EMMA
Frank, telephone.

INT. PARLOR DAY

Rachel is conferring with Emma near the entry to the parlor as Frank picks up the phone from an end table. We can hear both ends of the conversation.

FRANK
This is Farmer.

COURT
(filtered)
Frank, Ray Court.

FRANK
Yeah, Ray.

COURT
You can cancel your trip. We got your man.

Frank glances across the room at Rachel, turns slightly away.

FRANK
Where?

COURT
Our place.

FRANK
I'll be right down.

Frank hangs up and heads for the door.

FRANK
I'll be back.

RACHEL
I thought we were leaving.

FRANK
I'll be back.

INT. CORRIDOR F.B.I. LOS ANGELES OFFICE DAY

Frank comes out of an elevator, identification badge clipped to his jacket, and meets the waiting Ray Court, who shakes his hand. Court is in a terrific mood. They walk briskly down the hall.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

FRANK
You're sure?

COURT
Positive.

FRANK
How'd you do it?

COURT
The usual. Ass-breaking investigation and...
(big grin)
...genius.

FRANK
Anything more specific?

Court stops at a door.

COURT
I'll tell you all about it. Do you want to see him?

FRANK
What do you think?

Court opens the door into what appears to be a dark closet, he motions Frank in.

COURT
Terry's got him in Observation with Doc Brill, our shrink.

OBSERVATION ROOM

Court closes the door behind them and for a moment they're in blackness, a light lock. He opens another door, revealing yet another darkened room. One wall contains a large one-way window. Through it we can see a portion of the Examination Room.

ON FRANK as he moves to the chairs directly in front of the window.

FRANK'S P.O.V. as the Examination Room slowly comes into view: First, Special Agent Terry Minella, then DOCTOR BRILL, a distinguished fellow in an expensive suit. A running tape recorder sits on the table at which they sit, its microphone propped toward the end of the table that is only now coming INTO VIEW.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)
There at the end sits the suspect, VICTOR GUREN. We have never seen him before. He's a slight, innocuous-looking man in his forties, dressed in a cheap short-sleeved sportshirt. He is visibly upset, close to tears, pitiful.

COURT (O.S.)
(quietly)
His name is Victor Guren. Been in and out of institutions for the last ten years. Indecent exposure, peeping tom, stuff like that. He wrote to Walter Mondale once. Doesn't want a lawyer. He says he didn't mean any harm to Miss Marron.

The SOUND of the Examination Room is piped into the Observation Room.

DOCTOR BRILL
It's all right, Victor. Let's try to calm down. No one wants to hurt you. And you understand that you don't have to say any more?

Guren nods.

DOCTOR BRILL
Okay. If you want to go ahead, Special Agent Minella has a few more questions. You can stop him any time you wish.

MINELLA
Good. Now, Victor, I'm trying to get this straight. You say that altogether you sent eight letters to Miss Marron?

Guren nods.

MINELLA
That's a yes. When did you start?

GUREN
(shaky)
I think it was last June... I don't know... I tried to stop many times...

MINELLA
And the phone calls? How many of those?

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.1)

GUREN
I don't know... I tried many times, but I usually wouldn't... get through.

MINELLA
Always in Los Angeles?

GUREN
(after a moment)
No... I got her in Miami... They just put me through to her room...
(he cracks)
I'm so sorry...so sorry... I meant nothing...I couldn't stop...

He begins to sob.

In the Observation Room, Court looks at Frank.

FRANK
How?

COURT
The letters. The lab in D.C. came through with some terrific work. Put us in exactly the right direction.
(glances out at Guren)
Frank, I got to tell you, we think he's harmless.

FRANK
Golf course?

COURT
(almost laughs)
No way. This guy can barely get his cock out of his shorts.

FRANK
Then what about it?

COURT
Somebody was going for the Senator, like we thought all along. Which is not surprising if you've read what that shithead's been saying lately. Excuse me, we're non-political these days.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.2)

COURT (Cont.)
(pause)
In other words, old buddy, you've been pulling down god knows how much per week to protect the dame and nobody's trying to kill her.
(looks at Frank a beat)
Can you go for that?

FRANK
It wouldn't be the first time.

He looks in at Guren thoughtfully.

COFFEE MACHINE CORRIDOR

It's a few minutes later. Frank, alone, extracts a cup from the machine and then stands there, staring at it, his thoughts elsewhere. Something is bothering him. Suddenly, he comes back to life, turns and heads down the hall. We FOLLOW.

Frank rounds a corner. Down the hall, Minella and Dr. Brill are leading Guren away from Court, who turns and walks back toward Frank, who stops and waits for him.

FRANK
(to Court)
Ray, I want to ask you a favor. Give me a week.

COURT
Don't tell Miss Marron?

Frank nods.

COURT
Gee, Frank, if you wanted a week in Marin so bad, we would have taken up a collection.

Frank forces a smile. Court looks at him seriously.

COURT
What is it?

FRANK
I don't know. I swear to you I don't know. I've got a feeling I don't like.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

COURT
We can't keep him in custody very long with no complaint.

FRANK
Do you really think it matters?

Court's expression indicates that he doesn't. He turns his head thoughtfully in the direction Guren has gone. And as he does, ON THE SOUNDTRACK WE HEAR GUNSHOTS.

EXT. TARGET RANGE SAN FERNANDO VALLEY DAY

Gun enthusiasts of many stripes are BLASTING away. The SOUND is deafening. At the end of the row of shooting sites, separated from their nearest neighbors by several empty sites, are Portman and OMAHA, a swarthy fellow in his late forties. Omaha has been firing a .375 Magnum, but now is turned toward Portman.

Portman talks, his voice covered by the din. Omaha listens. Omaha nods.

EXT. RACHEL'S MARIN COUNTY HIDEAWAY DAY
(FRONT/LAKE SIDE)

A large old two-story house sits at the top of a slight rise, surrounded on three sides by thick, rolling woods. Sloping gently down from the house to the lake fifty yards away is a broad expanse of lawn. At the edge of the lake, a dock and boat house. An entrance road cuts out of the trees.

A Volkswagen van comes out of the trees followed closely by Frank's car. Both stop near the front door of the house and begin to empty. From the van, which is loaded with luggage and groceries, come Henry and Emma the housekeeper.

From Frank's car -- Rachel, Fletcher, Nicki and Frank. Fletcher is immediately off at an exuberant, yelling run to the boat house. Rachel looks after Fletcher smiling. Henry and Robert begin unloading the van. Frank looks around, very slowly.

INT. LIVING ROOM HIDEAWAY DAY

Fletcher is playing happily with a fluffy, terrier dog on the floor. Frank and Henry stand near the archway. Rachel is lying on the sofa holding a half-eaten apple. Nicki is at a desk. All eyes are on Fletcher and the dog. Rachel eyes the dog skeptically.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

RACHEL
That's going to protect us?

FRANK
He's a trained noisemaker.

RACHEL
Terrific.

FRANK
I don't like big dogs. They don't know who they're eating.

EXT. ON THE LAKE HIDEAWAY DAY

Fletcher, Rachel and Frank are chugging across the water in a skiff with an outboard motor mounted on the back. Fletcher sits at the back, operating the outboard, controlling the movements of the boat. Rachel watches him proudly. Fletcher locks the throttle in place and takes his hands off it for a laughing moment with a "Look, Mom, no hands" gesture.

INT. KITCHEN LATE AFTERNOON

Rachel, Emma and Henry are in the kitchen preparing dinner. Rachel is instructing a patient Emma in the concoction of Rachel's own, original, one-of-a-kind pizza. Emma and Henry laugh and kibbitz.

EXT. FRONT DOOR LATE AFTERNOON

Frank sits on the front steps looking down at the lake.

FRANK'S P.O.V. Nicki and Fletcher are sitting on the end of the dock, their laughing, physical conversation broken only by the need to throw an occasional rock into the water. Fletcher says something to Nicki which delights her. She hugs him close and kisses his hair. After a long moment, Fletcher squirms free to heave another rock.

INT. DINING ROOM DUSK

Everyone has a place at the large dining room table. They are eating three enormous Rachel pizzas, each thick with toppings.

Nicki is sitting next to Frank. He is trying to get his mouth around a loaded piece of pizza. Giggling appreciatively Nicki reaches over and in a shy, playful way, helps him shove it in.

Beyond them, out the windows, a thick FOG can be seen rolling across the lake and filtering out of the woods.

EXT. HIDEAWAY NIGHT

Details are barely distinguishable in the thick fog. A small porch light glows. Frank appears out of the fog. It is very late and he is taking a final trip around the house.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL NIGHT

Frank steps inside. Nicki is standing in the hall. She watches as Frank goes through the ritual of locking the front door, several ways.

NICKI
You're very thorough.

VARIOUS SHOTS AROUND INTERIOR

Frank makes a circuit through the rooms of the first floor, checking windows and doors. Nicki tags along.

NICKI
What happened between you and Rachel?

Frank glances at her.

NICKI
Come on. One minute she's got magnetic hands, the next she hates you. I can't figure out what it is <u>now</u>.

FRANK
You follow all her moves this closely?

NICKI
(smiling)
It's a living.

FRANK
No, it isn't.

He moves away into the next room. She hesitates a moment, then follows.

NICKI
You think my life is pretty sickly, don't you?

FRANK
No.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

NICKI
You must. I do.

Frank steps into a tight, dark, little window alcove, checks the windows.

FRANK
Why don't you change it?

NICKI
Is it that easy?

Frank turns from the window to find Nicki blocking his exit. She moves close to him and kisses him, her hands on his shoulders. The kiss ends and they look at each other.

FRANK
You're a lovely woman.

NICKI
But you don't want me.

Frank's look affirms it. Nicki is embarrassed, angry.

NICKI
I'm surprised. Thorough fellow like you. Why stop at one sister when you can fuck them both?

FRANK
I make my mistakes.

NICKI
But you didn't say no to the boss.

She starts to turn away from him, but his hands are on her now, holding her close, refusing to let her turn away. Their faces are very close. It is tight and near here.

FRANK
(with force)
No, don't go away, Nicki. Don't leave me with that. Tell me about it. Tell me how Rachel's ruined your life. Tell me how long you've been second. Tell me something. But don't turn away and try to stick it on me. I'm not buying.

Nicki twists in his grip. He holds her tight.

NICKI
I don't need this from you.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.1)

FRANK
Maybe I need it. I'm fed up with people telling me they have no control over their lives. Don't you ever get sick of feeling sorry for yourself? If you hate your life so much, turn it around.

NICKI
It's not so simple.

FRANK
Yes it is. You can walk out that fucking door anytime you want. I'll unlock it for you.

Nicki looks up into his face. Tears start in her eyes.

NICKI
Let me go.

He releases her, looks at her.

FRANK
Okay. It's not my business.

He moves away, OUT OF FRAME. We HOLD ON Nicki, a long time.

EXT. FRONT LAWN HIDEAWAY DAY

Bright sun. The warmest day yet. Rachel is chipping a golf ball around the yard. Nicki is sunning in a lounge chair.

Emma sits on the front steps knitting. The terrier watch-dog sleeps beside her. Frank comes out the door and stands next to Emma.

EMMA
It's a perfect day, Frank.

Frank walks out on the lawn and sits in a chair next to Nicki's lounge. He looks around. Nicki opens her eyes to see who it is, closes them again.

NICKI
Hello.

FRANK
Hi.

NICKI
I was an idiot last night.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)
Frank is distracted, looking back toward the house.

FRANK
Forget it.

FRANK'S P.O.V. The Volkswagen van is parked in the drive near the corner of the house. A glimpse of Henry as he appears from the side of the house, water bucket in hand, and moves behind the van.

Frank continues to look in that direction.

FRANK
Where's Fletcher?

NICKI
I don't know. With Henry I think.

At that instant, the SOUND of the OUTBOARD MOTOR CRACKLES through the air. Frank's head snaps toward the boat house. Frank gets up instantly and begins running flat-out down the lawn toward the boat house and dock.

Rachel stops her chipping.

The skiff appears out of the boat house, Fletcher at the motor, the boat's lone occupant. The boat moves slowly away from the boat house, parallel to the dock.

Frank is running toward the water with everything he's got, his face contorted. The SOUND of the OUTBOARD drowns out his voice as he yells.

FRANK
Fletcher! Fletcher!

IN THE BOAT

Fletcher, intent on his piloting, neither hears nor sees Frank running down the lawn behind him. The boat is approaching the end of the dock.

DOCK

Frank finally makes it to the dock and continues to sprint after the boat. His weight rattles the boards as he runs.

IN THE BOAT

Fletcher passes the end of the dock and gives the throttle a little twist.

DOCK

Frank reaches the end of the dock at a full run and dives directly at the rear of the moving boat. Frank's body flies out over the boat. He knocks Fletcher out of his seat and into the water on the other side of the skiff. The empty boat swerves, then continues out toward the center of the lake.

IN THE WATER

Frank holds the terrified, shaking Fletcher in his arms. Fletcher begins to cry. Frank paddles with him toward the dock.

DOCK

Henry and Rachel are already at the end of the dock. Nicki and Emma are running toward it. Rachel is livid, hysterical. Henry peers out at the boat, which continues to bounce innocently across the water, defining a broad curve.

RACHEL
Fletcher, baby. Are you all right? Baby.

Fletcher, crying, is handed up to Rachel by Frank. Rachel hugs Fletcher to her. Frank climbs out of the water, breathing hard, and sits on the end of the dock.

FRANK
He's all right.

RACHEL
You goddamn idiot! You're crazy!
(to Fletcher)
You're all right, baby.

FRANK
I'm sorry.

RACHEL
There is nothing wrong with that boat!

Nicki comforts Rachel.

NICKI
Easy, Rachel. It's over now.

Frank and Henry look out toward the boat which has come to a stop out in the middle of the lake.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

FRANK
You're probably right. I'm sorry. I got careless.

Henry kneels beside Fletcher and puts his hand on his head.

HENRY
You all right, my man?

Fletcher nods, his crying ends raggedly. Frank begins to stand up.

RACHEL
(to Frank)
You can go out there and get the goddamn thing.

Out in the center of the lake, the boat blows up. Everyone on the dock jumps.

Nicki screams.

Frank sits down again. He shakes his head.

INT. LIVING ROOM MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Frank has been sitting in a chair in the center of the living room for two hours. Listening. Now we listen with him. At first it seems silent, but slowly we become aware of a subtle symphony of SOUNDS. An old house surrounded by woods. There are lots of NOISES. But they are regular, innocent.

Frank gives up. He picks up his gun from the table beside him and goes upstairs.

SECOND FLOOR HALL

Frank stops at the top of the stairs, which is at the center of the long hall. Behind him, the hall disappears into gloom, more rooms and a cut-off of the corridor. Ahead, at the other end of the hall, the terrier dog is lying between two doors, Rachel's and Fletcher's. The hall cuts off down there too. The dog lifts its head, sees Frank, puts its head down again. Frank opens the door to his room in the center of the hall.

FRANK'S BEDROOM

Nicki is sitting in a chair by the window, a drink on the table next to her. Frank sits on his bed, very tired, looks at her. He puts his gun on the nightstand. He takes off his shoes and socks.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

NICKI
What do you think?

FRANK
I'm going to sleep.

NICKI
What do you think about today?

FRANK
I think this is no maniac.

Frank takes off his shirt. There is a long, long silence as they sit there. Finally --

NICKI
(close to breaking)
You're right.

Frank is instantly alert. Genuinely surprised.

FRANK
Tell me about it.

Nicki begins to cry.

NICKI
He almost got Fletcher today...
My darling Fletcher...

FRANK
Who is it, Nicki? How do we stop him?

NICKI
I don't know. I don't know.

Frank goes to her, treats her gently, like a doctor.

FRANK
You can call him off.

NICKI
(shaking her head)
He doesn't even know who hired him.

FRANK
How'd you do it?

Nicki begins to sob. She seems on the edge of hysteria. Frank takes her face in his hands, strokes her hair, brings her back from the brink.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.1)

FRANK
How?

NICKI
... I went to a bar in East L.A. I asked around... I talked to a man...

FRANK
Name?

NICKI
(vague)
...Armando... He arranged it. That's all I know...

FRANK
Is it all paid for?
(Nicki nods)
What's the name of the bar?

NICKI
I'm not sure.

FRANK
How 'bout the letters?

NICKI
(desperately)
No, no. You don't understand. The letters came first. I don't know who's sending them...but they're reading my mind... Those were my thoughts. I hate her. It made me think I could do it... But I could never hurt Fletcher. Never.
(begging him)
You've got to stop it!

FRANK
We will. You and me. Tomorrow we're going back to L.A. We're going to find the bar, we're going to find Armando.

He starts to rise. She stops him.

NICKI
Don't you even want to know why?

FRANK
You told me. She has everything.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.2)
Frank stands up and begins to move across the room. Nicki puts her face in her hand and is silent for one moment. Suddenly, Frank freezes, listening.

NICKI
What if we can't --

Frank motions her into silence. We strain to hear what Frank hears. Silently, Frank goes to his wall, crouching. He moves close to the heating vent. He listens. At last, it is audible. The tiny, mechanical SAWING SOUND that doesn't belong there. Then feet hitting a floor.

Frank lifts his gun from the nightstand, turns to Nicki.

FRANK
Stay in the room.

Nicki's face shows true terror.

Frank is out his door. Soundless. Light and swift, his bare feet don't seem to touch the floor.

SECOND FLOOR HALL

Frank stops outside his door. The terrier looks up, then relaxes again. Frank is satisfied that this territory is thus far unviolated.

STAIRS

Frank is down them fast. Not a sound.

FIRST FLOOR HALL

Frank travels close to the wall, very quickly. He stops, listens. He moves toward the bend in the hall that leads to the kitchen. Just before he rounds the bend, he looks back at the foot of the stairs. He doesn't like letting that out of his sight.

He rounds the bend in the hall. He is facing the sliding wooden kitchen door. He HEARS MOVEMENT in the kitchen. It is getting near this door. Very close, it stops.

Frank waits, his back to the wall, gun up. Someone is behind that door, three feet away. Stopped, waiting.

Silence. Frank doesn't breathe.

Suddenly the silence is pierced by the high BARKING SOUND of the terrier watchdog upstairs. Frank snaps his head back in that direction, knows he must go there.

THEN, VERY QUICKLY, WE SEE:

SECOND FLOOR HALL MOVING SHOT

We're in someone's P.O.V. moving from one end of the hall toward the BARKING terrier at the other end. Nicki steps out of Frank's room a few feet ahead and looks in terror TOWARD CAMERA.

FIRST FLOOR HALL

Frank slides the kitchen door open with terrific force. Standing in the gloom, two feet away, gun up, is Omaha. Frank instantly FIRES two shots into Omaha's chest and is gone before Omaha lands on the floor at the other end of the kitchen.

SECOND FLOOR HALL

Nicki is facing Portman, whose P.O.V. we were in before. He has hesitated only a moment at her appearance and now moves toward her, an automatic in hand. She raises a delicate hand in a classic gesture of restraint.

NICKI
No, no... I'm the one who --

Portman shoots her. She is blown against the wall.

STAIRS

Frank takes them three at a time.

SECOND FLOOR HALL

Frank hits the floor at the top of the stairs, gun up. Nicki lies dead near the door of his room.

The SOUND of GLASS BREAKING from where the hall cuts off to the left of Rachel's door. A window BANGS. The terrier skids out of the hall to the left BARKING, then disappears again.

Frank hovers over Nicki's body a moment, then runs down the hall and aims his gun down the cut-off.

FRANK'S P.O.V. A double window at the end of the cut-off is still flopping. The dog is BARKING at it. Fog is already coming in. Running FOOTSTEPS are heard.

Frank tries the doorknob of Rachel's room. It's locked. Then Fletcher's. Locked. Frank goes to the flopping window and climbs out.

EXT. HIDEAWAY NIGHT

The fog is impenetrable. Frank drops down from the second floor. He crouches on the ground, listens. For a moment there is only the rustling of the trees. Then, RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, a body BREAKING THROUGH BUSHES. Frank heads off toward the sound at a run.

WOODS INTERCUTTING FRANK AND PORTMAN

They move fitfully through the eerie, beautiful scene. In and out of the fog. Stop, listen, wait, go. Two wary, interchangeable animals. Frank disappears into the fog and, when the figure reappears, we are up ahead and it is Portman.

Frank is moving faster, closing the gap.

Portman hears him coming. Stops. He doesn't look worried. Just completely wired. He points his gun back there, but does not fire. Silence.

Frank is resting on his haunches; barefoot and shirtless, he looks like an Indian. Listening. He HEARS Portman take off and goes after him. We STAY with Frank until he stops suddenly. The SOUNDS have stopped up ahead. Close.

Portman peers into the fog, gun up. He's ready, confident. He waits. Nothing.

Frank is in a crouch and now he does something brand new. He raises his gun into the fog in a two-handed grip, ready to fire. He holds it easily. And then he does something really strange: Frank closes his eyes. After a beat, we HEAR MOVEMENT. Frank, eyes still closed, swings his gun 15 degrees and fires TWO BLASTS.

Portman jumps away from a small tree that has splintered six inches from his shoulder. Suddenly Portman is very frightened. He crashes away in the opposite direction. WE FOLLOW. There is another SHOT from Frank, very close to Portman. Portman breaks through some bushes and sees what Frank cannot see -- a faint, interior light glowing in a car parked on a road.

Frank moves quickly through the woods, passes the splintered tree. WE STAY WITH HIM and HEAR the ENGINE of the car roar to life and tires peel out of dirt. Frank breaks out of the woods in time to see the red lights at the back of the car fishtailing around a bend. He empties his gun at it. We HEAR GLASS SHATTERING, but the car keeps going.

EXT. DRIVEWAY MARRON MANSION DAY

Rachel's black limousine moves slowly up the winding drive, followed by a black Mercedes limousine.

CIRCULAR DRIVE

The two cars pull up to the entrance, Henry at the wheel of Rachel's. Frank gets out of the front and opens the back door. Devaney helps Rachel and Fletcher out of the car. They are all dressed in black. A few other mourners, including Emma and Robert, get out of the Mercedes.

Rachel, red-eyed and weary, takes Fletcher under her arm and goes inside. She does not look at Frank.

INT. FOYER MARRON MANSION DAY

Frank follows them into the house. Rachel murmurs a few words to Devaney, then walks up the main stairs with Fletcher. Frank watches them climb, then turns and walks deeper into the house, away from the others.

FAMILY ROOM

Frank comes in and goes to the bar. He takes a pitcher of orange juice from the refrigerator and pours some into a large glass. For several beats he looks at it sitting on the bar. Then he reaches down and brings up a bottle of vodka. He pours a huge portion into the orange juice.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER. It has grown very dark in the Family Room. Frank is sitting all alone, perfectly still, in one of the over-stuffed chairs, the vodka bottle on a table next to him. He stares off into space.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER. Frank is barely visible in the near-blackness. Then he moves. With a half-filled glass in his hand, he rises from the chair and goes out of the room.

HALLWAY

Frank, silhouetted, moves toward the stairway to the main level. There is light up there.

STAIRWAY

Frank begins climbing the stairs. When he has gone a quarte of the way up, Rachel appears at the top and begins walking down. At first she doesn't see Frank; when she does she hesitates a moment, then continues down.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)
They meet and try to sidestep each other, but twice they go in the same direction, unable to get around. Rachel, already emotionally ravaged, cracks. She begins slapping Frank hard about the face and torso. One of the first blows knocks the glass from his hand; it SMASHES LOUDLY against the wall. He raises his arms in a half-hearted attempt to protect himself from the onslaught. She cries as she hits him.

RACHEL
(hysterical)
You, you, you...You brought this pain into my house... Now you're here! Where were you then? Why didn't you save her? It was your job to protect me and she died doing it... It was me they were after. And you let them kill her!
(she gasps for air)
She never did anything to anyone.

As she loses the strength and the will to hit him, her blows become sloppy, weak. She sinks to the steps, sitting on them, sobbing.

RACHEL
She never hurt anyone. She was good.
(she looks at him; entreats him)
You saw her. She never wished anyone any harm. Did she? Did she?

Frank looks at her, shakes his head "no." Rachel puts her head in her hands and is silent for a few moments; her crying slows.

RACHEL
(finally, quietly)
She never hurt a soul.
(long pause)
... I didn't love her well enough. I didn't take care of her...
(a beat)
...She gave me only love.

Frank sits down on the steps below her. They sit quietly together in the gloom.

EXT. POOL AREA MARRON ESTATE DAY

Bright sunlight. Frank sits in a chair near Devaney, who is talking on the phone. Out of earshot, at the far end of the pool, Rachel is sitting on the steps in the shallow water watching Fletcher splash and play with two other Little Boys.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)
Devaney hangs up. He looks up at the sky, shakes his head, then looks at Frank.

DEVANEY
(to Frank)
Max Friday dropped dead in La Jolla last night. Heart attack. That probably doesn't mean much to you, does it?

Frank gives no sign.

DEVANEY
(almost to himself, tired)
Some retirement.
(he gets up)
Same thing will probably happen to me.

Devaney walks over to where Rachel is sitting in the water and crouches down on the edge of the pool.

DEVANEY
I just talked to Burt Friedman. He agreed to all of your terms.

Rachel nods, something else on her mind.

RACHEL
Devaney. I've thought about everything you said about the Oscars. I appreciate what you're saying...
(looks him in the eye)
... but I've got to go.

Devaney shrugs, resigned.

DEVANEY
I'll tell Farmer. He's going to love this.

EXT. REAR GROUNDS MARRON ESTATE NIGHT

In the moonlight, Frank walks along the fence at the bottom of the hill. He comes over a bump in the hill and finds Rachel sitting on the grass, waiting for him. He sits down beside her.

RACHEL
When I was a sophomore at Taylor-Alderdice, back in

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

RACHEL (Cont.)
Squirrel Hill, I started betting my friends fifty bucks each that someday I'd win an Oscar. You can understand how important it is that they see me up there if I win.

She looks at him and smiles.

RACHEL
If every one of those pikers comes through, it could add up to a lot of money.

FRANK
I think it's very dangerous.

RACHEL
I know. But I can't stay up here forever.

They are silent for a while. Rachel lies back on the grass, stares at the sky.

RACHEL
I didn't get to this place in my life by doing the smart things every time.
(Frank nods)
How 'bout you, Frank Farmer? Out there on the edge... do you ever do something that doesn't make too much sense, except maybe in your stomach somewhere? Something that isn't smart?
(looks at him)
I'll bet you have plenty. I'll bet you do. Nobody gets really good without it. And you're good. I know that.

She sits up beside him.

RACHEL
I don't know why all this has happened to me...
(a beat)
...but I do know that none of it's your fault. I hope you can hear me, because this is how I say I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.1)
Frank accepts.

RACHEL
(relieved)
So... I'm going to go and see if I win an Oscar. And I won't worry about it at all. Because I've got you to protect me.

Frank almost smiles.

FRANK
That's right.

He looks at her a long time, then takes her in his arms. He kisses her and lays her down. His body moves over hers. Like a bodyguard, protecting her from the night.

INT. DOROTHY CHANDLER PAVILION (LOS ANGELES MUSIC CENTER) DAY

Frank moves through the wings, eyes darting, casing the place. Stagehands hustle about; orders are shouted. Frank pauses behind a huge plaster replica of Oscar.

ON STAGE

Frank walks on stage and looks out over the huge, empty auditorium. He turns and looks at the enormous, tiered set. The SECURITY CHIEF, a cheerful, white-haired man in a uniform, approaches Frank.

SECURITY CHIEF
Well, Mr. Farmer, what do you think?

FRANK
It's not my kind of place.

They both look out over the auditorium. The Security Chief is beaming.

SECURITY CHIEF
Well, I wouldn't worry too much. When Oscar night rolls around, we seal this place up tight as a drum.

FRANK
Yeah. I guess that streaker a few years ago was just lucky.

The Security Chief blushes deeply, the worst moment in his life revived.

INT. RACHEL'S LIMOUSINE NIGHT
(FRONT OF MUSIC CENTER)

The limousine is waiting in a line of limousines to reach the red-carpeted entrance to the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion. Frank sits in front with Henry. In the back, a spectacularly-gowned Rachel sits flanked by Devaney and Guido, both of whom, like Frank, are wearing tuxedos. Up ahead, they can all see the hubbub at the entrance: TV cameras, lights, photographers, arriving guests, two bleachers full of fans.

DEVANEY
We'll go straight back to the Green Room. Right, Farmer?

Frank nods.

DEVANEY
Got that, Guido?

GUIDO
I know what I'm doing.

Guido checks the snub-nosed .38 in his shoulder holster and then closes his tuxedo over it again.

RACHEL
I wish you boys would relax a little. You're liable to make me nervous.

She looks around at the men; all are tense.

RACHEL
Jesus, what a crew.

Rachel leans forward and flips down a mirror on the panel in front of her and checks her appearance. The limousine moves up.

RACHEL
Screw it. I'm through worrying. When your number's up, it's up. Right, Farmer?

The limousine is almost at the red carpet. Frank slips out the front door of the moving limo.

EXT. ENTRANCE AREA (MUSIC CENTER) NIGHT

The TV cameras all focus on the door of the limousine as Frank steps out of the way.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)
FRANK'S P.O.V. as he surveys the busy scene. A microphoned M.C. peers into Rachel's limousine and walks toward it.

M.C.
(into mike)
Here's another nominee...the superstar of I Have Nothing...

The fans begin to react. Devaney helps Rachel out. The crowd applauds.

M.C.
...Miss Rachel Marron!

ON A TV CAMERA MONITOR we see Rachel wave to the crowd, take Devaney's arm and walk toward the theatre. Guido follows close behind.

M.C.
Everyone wishes you the best tonight, Rachel.

Frank leads the small procession down the red carpet. Fans reach out asking for his autograph.

FRANK'S P.O.V. as his glance darts around: High into the bleachers, ahead at the distance to the door, to the side at a photographer who flashes at Rachel.

Rachel's smile is convincing, lovely, professional. Devaney and Guido look strained.

INT. GREEN ROOM — NIGHT
DOROTHY CHANDLER PAVILION

It is large and has been fitted with a bar and buffet. Formally-dressed Presenters and Hosts mill about, laughing and talking. Many greet Rachel.

A TV monitor is near the ceiling in the corner. The Academy Awards show is beginning. The orchestra strikes up and the show's titles appear with appropriate voice-over commentary.

A harried Associate Producer, SKIP THOMAS, comes up to Rachel, who has settled in an armchair.

SKIP
Hello, Rachel. Can I get you straight on your responsibilities?

RACHEL
Sure, Skip. You know Guido, don't you? And Farmer.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)
Skip nods, dismissing Guido, regarding Frank coolly.

SKIP
I met Mr. Farmer yesterday. Devaney, I'm sorry, but as you can see --

Skip indicates the crowded room.

DEVANEY
I'm leaving.
(kisses Rachel)
Good luck, kid.

SKIP
She'll be out after she presents Best Song.

Devaney leaves.

SKIP
(to Rachel)
How about Guido? We've got the guard at the door.

FRANK
Guido stays.

Skip gives up.

SKIP
(to Frank and Guido)
I hope you two don't mind standing.

Skip takes a typewritten sheet from a sheaf in his hand and gives it to Rachel.

SKIP
You'll be presenting with Clive Healy. Those are your lines. The prompter's straight ahead and -- we pray -- working perfectly.

Rachel nods.

SKIP
When you're done, you come off stage left with the winners. We'll have an usher take you to your seat out front. Okay?

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

RACHEL
Fine. You'll be a big shot someday, Skip.

Skip smiles at her and hurries off across the room. CLIVE HEALY, a slim British actor appears, bows and kisses Rachel's hand.

CLIVE
I understand it's my great honor to escort you onstage.

RACHEL
That's right, Clive. And I don't like it one bit that you look skinnier than me.

THE TV MONITOR. The show is progressing, flashing out across the world.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE TV MONITOR. Later in the show.

The celebrities in the Green Room drink, eat and talk. Rachel is deep in a giggling, girlish conversation with another actress. Guido stands nearby, Frank leans against a far wall. Skip Thomas approaches Rachel.

SKIP
Rachel. One more song, then Best Sound, then you.

Rachel nods, goes back to her conversation. Frank steps up to Guido.

FRANK
I'm going to have a look around. I'll come back for her. Stay awake.

Guido nods, watches Frank go.

BACKSTAGE AREA

Frank moves down the hall from the Green Room toward the stage. Stagehands, technicians, performers speak in hushed tones. TV monitors are mounted throughout the area. On screen a distinguished-looking actor named REARDON is serving as temporary Master of Ceremonies.

Frank walks along, checking the route, looking up into the flies. He rounds a corner and is face-to-face with Portman

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

FRANK
Portman. What are you doing here?

PORTMAN
I'm on the job.

FRANK
Who?

PORTMAN
Him.

Portman points at a nearby TV Monitor. On screen, Reardon is introducing the next song.

REARDON
(on TV screen)
The final nominated song, from the film of the same name -- 'I Have Nothing.' And here to sing it for us, the multi-talented Miss Sandra Castle!

PORTMAN (O.S.)
(during the above)
I figured it was time I got back to work. This Hollywood stuff is terrific, Farmer. Cake.

On the TV screen. MISS SANDRA CASTLE begins singing "I Have Nothing."

Reardon walks off the stage ten feet from where Frank and Portman are standing, glances at them and moves off down the hall.

PORTMAN
Back to work. I'll probably see you at the banquet.

Portman walks off after Reardon. Frank watches him, thoughtful.

ON THE TV MONITOR, Sandra Castle sings "I Have Nothing" with great feeling. The lyrics recall the text of the death threats.

Frank's face, suddenly wary. No rational cause. Something in the air.

FRANK'S P.O.V. as he looks around.

(CONTINUED)

GREEN ROOM

Rachel's face as she watches Sandra Castle on the monitor. MUSIC is LOUD.

BACKSTAGE

Frank's face. Worried. Something is wrong. He walks very quickly down the hall toward the Green Room.

ON STAGE

Sandra Castle goes into a big finish.

GREEN ROOM

Rachel is staring at the monitor. Sandra Castle finishes big. The celebrities in the Green Room are impressed. There is spontaneous applause. Rachel turns to the room.

RACHEL
I want that broad run out of town.

The people in the room laugh with Rachel. Frank steps into the room and looks across at Rachel. The tension begins to drain away, but for one brief moment Rachel sees it. She stares across the room at him. And like a tangible thing, his anxiety is passed over to her. She is frightened. She gets up and walks across the room to Frank.

RACHEL
What's wrong?

FRANK
Nothing.

Rachel stares into his face. She is spooked. Skip Thomas appears at her side.

SKIP
Rachel...Clive. Let's go, okay?

Clive Healy comes over. Rachel must tear her eyes away from Frank. Guido floats up behind them. Skip regards him with irritation and turns to Frank.

SKIP
(indicating Guido)
Really. Must we have everyone?

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

RACHEL
(before Frank can respond)
Yes! I want him.

Skip shrugs. Clive takes Rachel's arm.

CLIVE
Come, Rachel. Let us brighten the firmament.

Rachel forces a smile, but her eyes follow Frank as he leads the way out of the Green Room. Guido follows.

BACKSTAGE AREA

The group moves down the hall from the Green Room, past the stage right wings, behind the scenery to the back of the stage.

FRANK'S P.O.V. Stagehands in blue, celebrity guests, technicians. His eyes examine each curtain, corner and recess. He looks above him.

Rachel's face, as she looks around nervously. Her body is tense on Clive's arm. Clive pats her arm soothingly.

CLIVE
Try to relax, Rachel. I know you must be very excited.

Skip leads them to a set of temporary stairs behind the scenery; they lead to the center of the top tier. Production Aides with clipboards and headphones wait up there.

SKIP
(pointing)
Rachel, you'll go in there and Clive, you over there. You'll meet on the landing.

They both nod, but Rachel is distracted, tense.

SKIP
Watch your step going up.

Clive and Rachel climb the stairs. Rachel turns once more to look anxiously at Frank.

Frank watches them ascend. He signals Guido to stay there until Rachel goes on. Frank moves off toward the stage left wings.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)
ON A TV MONITOR we see Reardon, acting as Master of Ceremonies, doing the introductions.

REARDON
(ON SCREEN)
And to present the Best Song award we have our debonair friend from England and the lady who has everything -- Clive Healy and Rachel Marron!

MUSIC UP, APPLAUSE, as WE SEE Clive and Rachel make their entrances on the TV Monitor.

STAGE LEFT

Frank walks along the scaffolding that supports the set, peering underneath, then around. At one point he can see at an angle onto the stage.

ON STAGE

Rachel and Clive reach the podium. Clive is all smiles. Rachel is trying, but is obviously distracted.

FROM BEHIND THEM. As the applause dies away, WE SEE what they see: TV cameras, an orchestra in the pit, the huge audience, and the bright glare of the lights. At the front of the podium is the transparent plastic of the tele-prompter; their lines can be clearly seen, printed out and moving vertically.

CLIVE
(reading from the prompter)
Well, Rachel, I know that you only came tonight to present this award and you'll want to leave as soon as we're done.

Rachel's lines appear on the prompter, but she does not start reading them immediately. They stop moving on the screen. Rachel's face, her eyes darting about. There is an awful silence. She focuses on the prompter, forces a smile.

RACHEL
(reading)
No, Clive. I'm very interested in one of the awards that's coming up later ... Best Actor.

This brings an appreciative laugh.

(Cont.)
Rachel's face. It is all coming down on her, all the pressure, all the months of being a target.

QUICK CUT RACHEL'S P.O.V.

The bright red light on the nearest TV camera.
The teleprompter, now showing Clive's lines.
The lights.
A man in the first row of the audience.

CLIVE
Over the course of the evening we've heard five smashing songs and the names of the artists who created them.

Rachel tries to get control of herself. She puts one hand on the podium to steady herself; the hand is shaking badly. She sways. Clive supports her as discreetly as he can, smiling out at the audience.

OFF STAGE LEFT

Frank watches Rachel, concerned.

ON STAGE

From behind Clive and Rachel we watch as Clive picks up Rachel's lines from the prompter, ad-libbing to make them fit.

CLIVE
And I know, that no matter what anyone thinks, you have no personal favorites.

Thin laughter. The audience is starting to sense that something is wrong with Rachel.

QUICK CUT RACHEL'S P.O.V.

An usher near the wall shifts his weight.
The orchestra conductor turns to look at her.
A musician turns his sheet music.
The dark at the back of the balcony.
The teleprompter.

RACHEL
(blurting her prompter lines)
All right, Clive, let's find out --

The teleprompter operator has been thrown off and now takes a moment to get it moving again.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

RACHEL
(reading)
-- let's find out who the winner is.

CLIVE
The envelope. Rachel, shall I do the honors?

INTERCUT --

RACHEL'S P.O.V. Clive's hands work at the envelope, tearing freeing the flap. His fingers work to pull out the contents

Rachel's face watching.

INSERT: HANDS bring out one of the pasted-up death threats with the familiar opening lines -- "MARRON BITCH -- YOU HAVE EVERYTHING. I HAVE NOTHING."

CLOSE as Clive pulls the card out of the envelope. It reads:

"I HAVE NOTHING"
Music by

Rachel gasps, stifles a scream.

CLIVE
The winner is "I Have Nothing!"

Rachel loses control, backs away from the podium and runs off stage right. The audience applauds the winner.

OFF STAGE LEFT

Frank sees Rachel run off the opposite side of the stage and heads over there, around the back of the scenery.

ON STAGE

Clive, the professional, stands holding Oscars for the winners. He glances off after Rachel, mystified.

STAGE RIGHT WINGS

A cluster of people surround Rachel, comforting her. Frank comes up. He does not try to force his way through to Rachel. People begin to move away, the cluster thins. Two STARS move off toward the back of the stage.

STAR #1
I always said she was nuts. I've always said that.

(Cont.)
Clive Healy comes up.

CLIVE
Is she all right?

He is assured that she is. Clive goes out to his seat in the audience. As the people move off, Rachel becomes clearly visible to Frank. Guido is standing next to her, but another man has his arm around Rachel, consoling her.

Rachel's face is tear-stained and she dabs at it with a handkerchief. She is recovering fast. Past her fear, she is now very embarrassed. Her voice is strong.

RACHEL
Christ, what an idiot I am. Jesus. What the hell's the matter with me?

Frank moves up closer and exchanges looks with Guido, who is confused by Rachel's behavior. Rachel turns toward Frank and, in so doing, brings the man comforting her around to face Frank. It is Reardon.

RACHEL
Farmer, you've made me a raving lunatic.

Frank barely hears Rachel, so struck is he by Reardon's presence. Frank looks around them quickly for Portman. Rachel looks at Frank with irritation and turns back toward the Green Room. A Production Aide signals Reardon.

REARDON
(to Rachel)
I have to go back out. Are you okay?

RACHEL
Thank you for your help, John. I'm fine.

Rachel walks off toward the Green Room with Guido. Reardon starts to walk out toward the stage. Frank stops him. Reardon is irritated.

FRANK
Where's Portman?

REARDON
Who?

FRANK
Portman.

(Cont.1)

REARDON
(breaking away)
Never heard of him.

Reardon walks out on stage. Frank is left standing alone. All the wariness comes back, all his senses start to hum. Frank looks around, then moves off toward the Green Room.

GREEN ROOM

Rachel sits at a make-up table, retouching her face, fixing her hair. Skip Thomas is talking to her. Frank comes in.

SKIP
It's just that if you're going to be in your seat for the camera, you've got to do it now. I've got to tell the director.

RACHEL
Skip, I'm moving as fast as I can. For chrissake, go twitch somewhere else.

SKIP
I'll have an usher waiting outside this door.

Skip walks off. Frank sits down next to Rachel. He speaks quietly, calmly.

FRANK
You can't go out there.

RACHEL
(busy with her make-up)
What are you talking about? That's ridiculous.

FRANK
I know who it is. He's here tonight.

Rachel puts down some lipstick, picks up some powder, continues to work.

RACHEL
You know something, Farmer? You are really crazy. I mean <u>really</u> crazy. You need help.

FRANK
He's going for you tonight. You've got to believe that.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.2)
This is the last straw for Rachel. She throws down the powder and stands up fast. Her chair overturns. Everyone in the Green Room looks at her.

RACHEL
(yelling)
Shut up, you maniac! You never stop. Now you've made an ass of me in front of two hundred million people. And you won't quit!

They stare at each other and everyone else stares at them. Rachel walks swiftly out the door of the Green Room. Guido hurries after her.

Frank sits for a moment, then stands up. The Bodyguard follows his charge out of the room. The people in the room all start to talk at once.

BACKSTAGE

Rachel, flanked by Guido and a uniformed Usher walks down the hall to the auditorium. Frank appears behind them. At the curtained doorway that leads to the auditorium, Rachel stops. She squeezes Guido's hand and pecks him on the cheek. He releases her arm and steps away. Rachel gathers her energies, puts on her public face, lifts her nose. She signals the Usher and he draws back the curtain. The two of them step out.

MAIN AUDITORIUM

The people near this entrance see Rachel and watch with great interest as the Usher walks her down the aisle. He leads her across a row to the empty seat beside Devaney. She smiles at the people nearby and sits down. Devaney takes her hand. She pats his. They talk quietly.

Against the wall, Frank stands near an Usher.

ON STAGE

Reardon has just introduced TOM WINSTON, the actor who will announce the Best Actress award.

WINSTON
It is a great privilege for me to present this award --

MAIN FLOOR AISLE

Frank watches, his eyes scanning, searching the vast theatre.

INTERCUT --
Winston on stage, speaking and then listing the nominees a

FRANK'S P.O.V., rhythmically cut:
Rachel and Devaney in their seats.
Up the aisle toward the back of the theatre.
High into the gloom of the balcony.

WINSTON
Tonight we give this award not to the best actress, but to the best performance by one of five exquisitely talented artists...

Frank's face, searching.

A TV camera focussed on the audience.

Rachel's face, expectant, nervous.

FRANK'S P.O.V.
The path Rachel would have to take to the stage.
The steps to the stage.
The faces of the ushers near the stage.
The conductor, ready to play theme music.

WINSTON
And the nominees are -- Constance Simpson for Hot and Cold...

APPLAUSE. Frank watches.

WINSTON
...Ellen Pearson for Maybe Soon...

A TV camera, pointed toward the audience; its red light goes on. APPLAUSE.

WINSTON
...Rachel Marron for I Have Nothing...

Rachel's face, trying to appear calm. APPLAUSE.

WINSTON
...Evelyn Gardner for The Harper Plan...

Frank slips through the curtained doorway that leads to the backstage.

WINSTON
...And Catherine Hall for Toll Booth...

BACKSTAGE STAGE RIGHT WINGS

Frank comes up swiftly. He stops behind a curtain, six feet from the path the winner will take. Guido is there. Frank speaks to him and, as he does, he puts a hand on Guido's arm. And as Guido listens, there is no competitio just shared concern.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

FRANK
He's here tonight. I need you over there --
(indicates stage left)
-- She'll come off that way if she wins.

Guido nods and moves away. Frank's hand slips off him almost reluctantly. Frank looks around.

FRANK'S P.O.V.
The scaffolding of the scenery.
The dark flies overhead.
A tall replica of Oscar at the rear of the bright stage.

ON STAGE

Winston with envelope.

WINSTON
And the winner is... Rachel Marron for I Have Nothing!

FLASH CUT

Frank's face, grim. This is bad news to him.

MAIN AUDITORIUM RACHEL'S SEAT

Deafening APPLAUSE. Rachel beaming. Devaney kisses her. People nearby reach out to touch her. She stands up.

BACKSTAGE

Frank gets the best angle to watch her progress to the stage.

MAIN AUDITORIUM

Rachel walks along her row. Hands reach out to her. The orchestra plays "I Have Nothing."

BACKSTAGE

Frank turns quickly to look behind him. Nothing. He looks back.

STAGE LEFT

Guido arrives in the wings over there. He peers out at Rachel.

AISLE

Rachel walks down the aisle toward the side steps. Tears in her eyes. Thunderous APPLAUSE.

BACKSTAGE

Frank's eyes, watching.

STEPS TO STAGE

Rachel mounts the steps steadily, controlling herself.

HIGH ANGLE FROM FLIES

As Rachel walks across the front of the stage to the podium.

FROM STAGE RIGHT WINGS

FRANK'S P.O.V. of Rachel as she approaches the podium.

ON STAGE AT PODIUM

Rachel kisses Winston. He hands her the Oscar and steps back. She turns to the microphone. Tears in her eyes. Breathless. The applause dies away. An awesome stillness takes its place.

FROM HIGH IN THE BALCONY

Rachel is tiny as she leans into the microphone.

RACHEL
Thank you. Thank you very much.

STAGE LEFT

Guido stands there, very alert. He unbuttons his tuxedo.

ON STAGE

Rachel tries to get control of her voice.

STAGE RIGHT

EXTREME CLOSEUP Frank's eyes. His head turns.

ON STAGE

Rachel leans toward the microphone again.

RACHEL
I wish Nicki were here tonight.

BACKSTAGE

Frank is suddenly on the scaffolding, climbing toward the huge Oscar.

ON STAGE

Rachel at the microphone.

RACHEL
Thank you so much.

Rachel backs away from the podium. Winston takes her arm and they begin to walk to stage left. The APPLAUSE starts.

ONE LOUD SHOT at the rear of the scenery. The applause stops raggedly. Rachel and Winston freeze.

THE REPLICA OF OSCAR

The statue shakes, then -- SPLITTING OSCAR'S SWORD Portman's body comes crashing through the plaster. Tumbling wildly.

ON STAGE

Portman tumbles down the tiers in a shower of plaster. For an instant, there is no way to know if he is dead or alive. His momentum carries him toward the front of the stage. Rachel and Winston stand transfixed as Portman's body rolls to within five feet of them.

Like a cat, Portman rolls gracefully to a crouch. He is hit, but not incapacitated. The target pistol in his hand has a silencer attached. He looks back toward the shattered Oscar as Frank appears in the ragged opening, his gun aimed at arm's length.

Now for one long second, Portman and Frank look at each other. Portman, the professional, is not willing to die for this. He begins to let his pistol roll from his hand in unmistakable surrender, when he hears a FRIGHTENING ROAR behind him. He turns and sees --

First, Rachel, his quarry for so long, her face horror-stricken, and at the same moment --

Coming by Rachel, his body blocking her from Portman's view, Guido, the .38 stretching out before him at Portman.

Portman, the professional, reacts instinctively. His pistol whips around to FIRE off one whooshing SILENCED SHOT to Guido's heart. Guido begins to fall like a bull elephant. Before Guido has hit the floor, the air is pierced by the LOUD EXPLOSION of Frank's gun. Once. Twice

Portman's body is lifted and thrown to the very edge of the stage.

TV CAMERA MONITOR

On the little, black and white screen, Portman's body slides to a stop on the edge of the stage, lifeless.

AUDIENCE

Horror, screams, pandemonium.

ON STAGE

Rachel's face. Terror.

Frank's face. His gun lowers.

Winston tries to gather Rachel is his arms, but she cries out and breaks away. She goes down on the floor next to Guido, sobbing.

Uniformed Security Men appear from all sides to converge on the bodies.

Frank pushes his way through the crowd. He stands over Rachel and Guido, gun in hand.

Rachel's Oscar lies on the stage next to Guido's huge, lifeless body and now the shiny gold is awash with blood. Rachel looks up at Frank, tears streaming down her face.

Frank Farmer's face. Sad and weary. His guard is down. Nothing more can happen.

LONG, SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GARAGE AREA MARRON ESTATE DAY

Rachel sits on Frank's battered suitcase. Frank's Chevy is parked nearby. Rachel is looking off toward the side of the mansion.

RACHEL'S P.O.V. Frank is standing on the grass conferring with the NEW BODYGUARD, a big, solid, white-haired man in his early fifties. They look down toward the front wall and the gate.

Henry comes up the drive in Rachel's Mercedes and parks near Rachel. He gets out carrying a wooden case that looks like it might hold a bottle of wine. He walks up to Rachel

HENRY
I got it. They said they're sorry it took so long.

Rachel nods, continues to look off at Frank.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

HENRY
Should we see if they spelled your name right?

He begins undoing the brass clasps on the box.

Off at the side of the mansion, the New Bodyguard shakes Frank's hand and walks down toward the gatehouse. Frank heads toward the garage.

Henry opens the wooden box, revealing Rachel's Oscar, freshly polished and newly engraved. In the bright sunlight, it has an unearthly brilliance.

HENRY
(showing her)
Everything's copacetic.

Rachel smiles, lifts the Oscar out of the box and gazes at it idly. Henry notices Frank walking toward them and goes over to meet him halfway. The two men say their goodbyes out of earshot, warmly, laying on hands. When they break, only Frank comes over to Rachel. She continues to hold her Oscar as she watches him approach. He lifts her hand momentarily to look at the statuette, nods approvingly.

RACHEL
Why'd you have to get me an old man?

FRANK
I don't trust you.

RACHEL
He's got white hair.

FRANK
He's very good.

RACHEL
Aren't we all.

Frank smiles as he motions her off his suitcase, picks it up and puts it in the back seat of his Chevy.

RACHEL
If I don't need you, why do I need him?

FRANK
I never said you didn't need me. You're going to need someone for as long as you do what you do.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.1)

RACHEL
Why can't I keep you?

Frank turns to face her.

FRANK
I'm retiring from show business.

They look closely at each other. And then they kiss. Frank gets in his car and starts the engine. Rachel leans down into his window.

RACHEL
What are you going to do?

FRANK
I'm going to take a vacation.

RACHEL
What's your idea of a vacation?

FRANK
I go somewhere quiet...
(a beat)
...and I close my eyes.

RACHEL
(smiles at that)
Where is it quiet?

FRANK
My back yard.

Rachel stands up.

RACHEL
I know where that is.

They look at each other. Frank puts the car in gear and moves off down the winding drive. Rachel stands at the top of the hill, Oscar in hand, and watches him go.

FADE OUT.

THE END